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### ROGERS'S NEW POEM.

HUMAN LIFE, A POEM, BY SAMUEL ROGERS.  
LONDON, 1819.

**H**UMAN life—a trite but interesting subject to human beings ; a subject inexhaustible, and which has exhausted every species of intellectual intelligence ; a subject upon which nothing new can be said, and much of what is old may be repeated, to the delight of mankind, if repeated well. Such is the theme adopted by Mr. Rogers for a poem, the extent of which is a sketch of one view of the great drama that is designated, rather than a grand outline of the many and important aspects it presents to the philosophical mind. In this sketch the pencilling is beautiful, the conception refined, the design pleasing, upon the whole—the execution elegant, and the general feeling of an admirable tone. We cannot look upon it without recognising an amiable disposition in the artist ; a sensibility of the purest order, alike removed from the confines of mawkish sentiment and of hard unkindness : a heart touched with the ills of life and the griefs of other men, seems to speak in one or two of the most affecting passages descriptive of the death of beloved objects, and the ideas of the writer are expressed with a simple though polished pathos, which claims and ensures a corresponding emotion.

G ATHENEUM VOL. 5.

The impression made upon us by the perusal of *Human Life* is that of an agreeable melancholy. There are parts which excite deeper sensations ; but the general tendency is of this delightful cast.

As mere readers we should offer no other opinion upon the merits of this production ; but as bringing it critically before the public, we are bound to enter a little more into detail. The extracts which we shall add to these brief remarks will prove that the highest degree of admiration is due to many felicitous effusions which it contains, especially to those pourings out of soul which sympathy has attuned to the misfortunes or woes of fellow creatures. Throughout the poem the style is tender, and far above the level of undistinguished verse. The pictures are almost invariably clearly defined, tho' in one or two instances we are at a loss for the author's precise meaning, and his language is involved in an obscurity which the slightest grammatical alteration would probably elucidate. The rhythm is very musical, and the rhyme, taken altogether, good. We do not dislike the occasional change from the regular heroic measure to triplets, nor to the line with a trochaick close ; but in so short a poem (not exceeding 600 lines) there is an objectionable recurrence to the same terminations ;

and the use of one word, in itself neither poetical nor called for by the sense of the passage, we must notice as the principal critical blemish of the composition. We allude to the pronoun '*there*,' which, though nothing better than an expletive in three out of the four places in which it is employed, serves as a rhyme for about a dozen of times. '*Then*' is also impressed into the same service, and the conclusion in *ire*, for example, fire, require, admire, &c. &c. &c. occurs so often, as to produce an idea of sameness. In short, while acknowledging their correctness, we may complain of the want of variety in the rhymes.

But without dwelling further at present on such minute spots, except to point them out as they cross us in our annexed quotations, we proceed to the more gratifying task of laying before our readers those extracts which we have selected as fair specimens of the work.

The introduction is not inferior to any equal number of continuous lines in the poem.

The lark has sung his carol in the sky ;  
The bees have hummed their noon-tide lullaby.  
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,  
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound :  
For now the caudle cup is circling there,\*  
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,  
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire  
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail

The day again, and gladness fill the vale :  
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,  
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.  
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin ;  
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine ;  
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,  
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,  
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,  
" 'Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;  
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees  
Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,  
And violets scattered round ; and old and young,  
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,  
Stand *stilt*† to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene ;  
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side  
Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,  
Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;  
When in dim chambers long black weeds are‡ seen,  
And weepings heard, where only joy had been ;

\* One of the examples of the inappropriate use of this pronoun.

† An indefinite, and here an improper word.

‡ The change of time from the shall in the preceding line to this are, has a bad effect.

When by his children borne, and from his door  
Slowly departing to return no more,  
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.  
And such is human life. - - - -

These verses and the notes we have appended to them, will convey our sentiments on the whole poem. Were it not exquisitely wrought, and laboriously polished throughout, we should not think it worth minute and microscopical criticism : but it is on the finest mirrors that the smallest specks are seen.

The next paragraph which we shall copy is one of more unmixed beauty, and may be esteemed a free paraphrase from Bossuet's Sermon on the Resurrection.

Our pathway leads but to a precipice ;  
And all must follow, fearful as it is !  
From the first step 'tis known ; but—No delay !  
On, 'tis decreed. We tremble and obey.  
A thousand ills beset us as we go.  
—" Still, could I shun the fatal gulf"—Ah, no,  
'Tis all in vain—the inexorable Law !  
Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.  
Verdure springs up ; and fruits and flowers invite,  
And groves and fountains—all things that delight.  
" Oh I would stop, and linger if I might !"—  
We fly ; no resting for the foot we find ;  
All dark before, all desolate behind !  
At length the brink appears—but one step more !  
We faint—On, on ! we falter—and 'tis o'er !

The author, after some general reflections, now proceeds through the different stages of human life, differing in his classification from the seven ages of Shakspeare. He divides his subject into Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Love, Marriage, Domestic Happiness and Affliction, War, Peace, Civil Dissension, Retirement from active life, and Old Age and its enjoyments. The portraiture of infancy is very pretty ; but the transition from Manhood to Love rather abrupt ; nor is the latter subject so happily treated as most of the others. It seems to us to be too familiar rather than playful. The delineation of domestic bliss is at once more elevated and natural, but we pass it by for the still better painted picture of domestic calamity.

But Man is born to suffer. On the door  
Sickness hath set her mark ; and now no more  
Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild  
As of a mother singing to her child.  
All now in anguish from that room retire,  
Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,  
And Innocence breathes contagion—all but one,  
But she who gave it birth—from her alone

The medicine-cup is taken. Through the night,  
And through the day, that with its dreary light  
Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,  
Watching the changes with her anxious eye :  
While they without, listening below, above,  
(Who but in sorrow know how much they love ?)  
From every little noise catch hope and fear,  
Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,  
Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness  
That would in vain the starting tear repress.

Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday—  
When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,  
'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh  
At midnight in a sister's arms to die !  
Oh thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,  
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came !  
And, when recalled to join the blest above,  
Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,  
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,  
When idle fancy wove luxuriant flowers,  
Once in thy mirth thou badst me write on thee ;  
And now I write—what thou shalt never see !

At length the Father, vain his power to save,  
Follows his child in silence to the grave,  
(That child how cherished, whom he would not give,  
Sleeping the sleep of death for all that live ;)  
Takes a last look, when, not unheard, the spade  
Scatters the earth as "dust to dust" is said,  
Takes a last look and goes ; his best relief  
Consoling others in that hour of grief,  
And with sweet tears and gentle words infusing  
The holy calm that leads to heavenly musing.

The last six lines, we think, weaken the effect of the affecting passages which precede them, and especially of the two exquisitely fine touches in the parentheses ; the whole quotation is, however, extremely beautiful, and there are few parents who will not feel and confess its truth.

The remainder of the poem depicts a fortunate old age, and retirement from the busy scenes of the world—such retirement as is enjoyed only by the happy few to whom it is given to eke out a youth of little toil with a sequel of easy abundance—who having had no occasion to stem the torrent of adversity, and buffet with its waves, may sink peacefully into the decline of years, unvexed with cares, and never harassed with the dread of want. Alas ! that the old age of the vast majority of mankind should be so much the reverse of this.

The poem thus concludes :

..... But the day is spent ;  
And stars are kindling in the firmament,  
To us how silent—though like ours perchance  
Busy and full of life and circumstance ;  
Where some the paths of Wealth and Power pursue,  
Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few ;

And, as the sun goes round—a sun not ours—  
While from her lap another Nature showers  
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,  
Think on themselves, within, without inquire ;  
At distance dwell on all that passes *there*,  
All that their world reveals of good and fair ;  
And as they wander, picturing things, like me,  
Not as they are, but as they ought to be,  
Trace out the Journey through their little Day,  
And fondly dream an idle hour away.

We trust that these extracts will be thought to justify the favourable opinion we have ventured to express of this publication—that a gentleness and elegance of mind, tinged with much tenderness and considerable pathos, are its characteristics, and that without aiming at great elevation or force, its chaste and polished numbers are peculiarly calculated to be pleasing to all those who, like the author, may wish to

Fondly dream an idle hour away.

It remains for us also to sustain our judgment upon the few obscurities which appear to detract from the general lucidness of the construction.

Born in a trance, we wake, reflect, inquire ;  
And the green earth, the azure sky admire.  
Of Elfin size—for ever as we run,  
We cast a longer shadow in the Sun !  
And now a charm and now a grace is won !

We must own that we do not comprehend the drift of these lines. Again, only a few verses on,—

And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,  
The boy at sun-rise whistled as he went,  
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,  
Tracing in vain *the footsteps* o'er the green ;  
The man himself how altered, not the scene !

Here we guess the meaning, but cannot tell what are "*the footsteps*" the aged pilgrim is tracing in vain.

We must again apologize for particularising such slight and accidental oversights, but it is only, as we said before, in productions upon which labour has been bestowed, as well as true poetic genius displayed, that it is necessary to point out even the most trifling defects.

Two minor poems are added to *Human Life* in this volume : the first written at and on the subject of *Pæstum* ; the last entitled *The Boy of Egremont*, and founded on a tradition current in Wharfe-dale, where at a place called the *Strid*, the catastrophe is said to have happened in the 12th century, to a son

of William Fitz-Duncan, the nephew of David king of Scotland, who had laid waste the valleys of Craven with fire and sword. Though both are worthy of the critic's praise, we only select the latter, as it admits of being transferred entire into our limits, as the conclusion of this notice.

#### THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

"Say what remains when Hope is fled?"  
She answered, "Endless weeping!"  
For in the herds-man's eye she read  
Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embay rung the matin-bell,  
The stag was roused on Barden-fell;  
The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,  
And down the Wharfe a hern was flying;  
When near the cabin in the wood,  
In tartan clad and forest-green,  
With hound in leash and hawk in hood,  
The Boy of Egremond was seen.  
Blithe was his song, a song of yore,  
But where the rock is rent in two,

And the river rushes through,  
His voice was heard no more!  
'Twas but a step, the gulf he passed.  
But that step—it was his last!  
As through the mist he winged his way,  
(A cloud that hovers night and day.)  
The hound hung back, and back he drew  
The Master and his merlin too.  
That narrow place of noise and strife  
Received their little all of Life!

There now the matin-bell is rung;  
The "Miserere!" duly sung;  
And holy men in cowl and hood  
Are wandering up and down the wood.  
But what avail they? Ruthless Lord,  
Thou didst not shudder when the sword  
Here on the young its fury spent,  
The helpless and the innocent.  
Sit now and answer groan for groan,  
The child before thee is thy own.  
And she who wildly wanders there,  
The mother in her long despair,  
Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,  
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping;  
Of those who could not be consoled  
When red with blood the river rolled.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

### CULLODEN ANECDOTES.

**T**HE writer delayed sending a continuation of the Culloden anecdotes,\* uncertain whether her partiality for the narrators had not overrated their interest. She has, however, just had the pleasure of seeing the first part in the New Monthly Magazine. The sequel is more copious, and in some instances more romantic; but the authenticity cannot be questioned, as the two gentlemen, and the lady from whom they were received, were persons of unquestionable veracity.

Miss M. daughter to Mr. Gordon, was a very young girl when she so narrowly escaped accidental death from the hand of John Roy Stewart. The presence of mind, self command and fortitude, she displayed in the severest trials of suspense and sorrow, as the mother of three gallant officers, who fell in the service of their country, became first apparent in refraining from an exclamation or word that might betray the fugitive. She observed to her cousin, that some of the maids wanted to frighten them; but they should be

locked up, until she sent her mother to reprimand them. Having taken away the candle they had recently extinguished, and asked her cousin to light it in the parlour, she informed her mother that Mr. Grey was in his own room; but she did not give the slightest hint of her late jeopardy. Mrs. Gordon, who had been but a very short time in bed, instantly arose, convinced that no trivial cause brought John Roy to his first asylum. She knew he had a spirit above coming to bemoan himself, or to shun hardship, which his own vigilance and exertions would by any means effectually combat. She learnt from him, that in the Braes of Strathdearn, he was intercepted by a youth, who was a soldier in his own regiment, and knew him personally. Kenedy was the younger brother of the man who never gave his right hand to another, after receiving a farewell grasp from the Royal Adventurer. He was also cousin to the faithful attendant of Prince Charles, Mac Jan, the unfortunate cow stealer, to whom the clemency of George the Second would have been

\* See *ATH.* Vol. 4, p. 444.

extended, if the magnanimity that redeemed his faults had been more timely represented. The lad, not sixteen years old, had ranged Strathspay, Badenoch, and part of Athol, in search of John Roy; and never, even by inadvertence, endangered the gentlemen who were compelled to intrust their lives to his fidelity. These were, a laird of the name of Drummond,—alias M'Gregor, and James M'Gregor, son to the now celebrated Rob Roy. They were both wounded. Mr. Drummond could proceed by short journies to some place of refuge; but James M'Gregor had his foot lacerated in a manner which disabled him from walking, and if he attempted to ride, his ignorance of the bye ways required a very trusty attendant. Both the sufferers were desirous that John Roy should testify to Mrs. Gordon that they were what they represented themselves—true sons of Alpin. Mr. Gordon's progenitors were M'Gregors, and his warm heart retained a strong attachment to his proscribed clan. Mrs. Gordon was distressed. Every corner of her house, and the out-houses, where a wounded man could be concealed, were full—but humanity and clanship enforced the request conveyed by John Roy. She laid before him her perplexities, repeating a sentiment of her husband, which never should be forgotten.

"Justice has ample atonement in the prisoners which have been taken," said she, "and if many more were to be sentenced, compassion would probably excite disaffection. I repeat to you, Mr. Grey, these words of my good and wise partner, to convince you, that even for the sake of the side we have taken in these sad disturbances, I would go every length to preserve those gentlemen." John Roy asked if any of her guests were able to travel a few miles from their retreat at Alvey?

Mrs. Gordon replied, not one was fit to go a mile, except his friend Mr. Milton, and she could not, would not, desire him, or any other, to leave her house. John Roy assured her he should manage to take him away, without impeaching her hospitality. They went together to his room. He was fast

asleep, but clothed and ready dressed, with his pistols charged, and sword drawn, prepared to escape or to defend himself if assaulted. Many weeks had passed since he saw a human countenance but Mrs. Gordon's, and she staid only a moment when she brought him food, or changes of linen. He had endured much pain in his head, the consequence of a contusion received at the battle of Culloden. He was sometimes feverish and delirious, until a great effusion of blood from his nostrils relieved him, and his strength and spirits were much reduced by the discharge. An acute sense of his unhappy condition preyed upon his mind. In his ravings, Mrs. Gordon discerned that he yet now poignantly lamented the expulsion of the race he considered to have a legitimate right to the sceptre of Great Britain. Mr. Gordon had interdicted his wife from communicating to him any particulars respecting her proteges: that if questioned, he could, with truth, assert his entire ignorance. She, however, took leave to consult him in general or figurative terms, and he suggested a remedy for misplaced loyalty. Mr. Hamilton was a steadfast protestant. Mrs. Gordon, after hearing from her husband the following story, introduced it casually, as if she wished to know whether Mr. H. knew the parties. It was the first time she sat down in his chamber, since the duties of a sick nurse prolonged her stay with him, and the natural delight afforded by society to a sensitive and cultivated mind engaged the deepest attention to her discourse. We shall find the efficacy of truths, pleasantly imparted, can overcome very inveterate prejudices.

A baronet in the south of Scotland married a roman catholic lady in 1741. Through the lady's influence, her father confessor hoped to engage Sir B. M. in the projected rebellion; but she declined taking any part which might involve his life and property. The priest often reiterated his importunities; lady M. adhered to her prudent determination, and the ghostly father, losing all self command, expected to intimidate her, by denouncing excommunication.

with all the dire concomitants of ecclesiastical censure. The lady interrupted him with the dignity of offended self reverence :

“ Your threats, Sir, have confirmed my purpose. I see, I feel, that while the protestant house of Hanover reigns over us, I may treat with contempt your unmanly virulence, and order you to leave my presence, no more to return. If a Stewart held the sovereign authority, I must tremble at the least sign of priestly rancor. Henceforth I renounce the fetters of reason, and of personal liberty, in which education enchained me. I abjure your church, and its errors.”

The priest made abject concessions ; but lady M. was inexorable. Mr. H. was not acquainted with the family ; but he applauded the lady, and from that period his spirits and health amended.

Mrs. Gordon and John Roy were aware they could not without some risk approach his bed. She waited at the door, while John Roy, after putting off his shoes, gently drew near, and got possession of his weapons. Both were painfully affected by this incident. It brought conviction, that they themselves might be disarmed and seized, when unconscious of danger.

Kenedy waited for the answer he must bring the unfortunate M'Gregors. Mrs. Gordon left John Roy and Mr. H. when she had gently roused the sleeper. Mr. H. was overjoyed to see his friend, and glad to accompany him to Glenmore. John Roy dispatched Kenedy to welcome the M'Gregors. Mr. Drummond availed himself of the invitation to Alvey : but a romantic resource, which we shall hereafter detail, procured for James M'Gregor an easy conveyance to the eastern district. The genius of the GREAT UNKNOWN might weave from our slight materials an historical story, not less illustrative of the character of the Gael than the Tales of My Landlord are descriptive of the southern Scots.

But to return to the wanderers. When Mrs. Gordon left them, John Roy informed the poet of Bangour, that

in the woods of Glenmore he met an old acquaintance, who told him he had been three days without food in a cavern, beneath the root of a fir tree he cut down in a more peaceful season, and had marked, hoping to entrap foxes, or perhaps otters, by laying snares in their den :— but the time came, when he must betake himself to it for shelter from the king's troops. John Roy asked to see the place, and carved his initials on the stump, that he might know it again ; and as the person, from whom he obtained the secret, was off to France, he and his friend need not fear treachery. Besides, he had secured the protection of two ladies, who satisfied him that their servant Finlay M'Donald would sooner die than prove ungrateful. Mr. Grant was at Fort Augustus with the army ; and his brother Tullochgorum was one of the hostages, lodged in Edinburgh Castle, since some false aspersions had led the Duke of Cumberland to doubt the loyalty of his clan. Thus the military would not suspect that Mrs. Grant, her sister, and a house full of young children, could be accessory to concealing any of Prince Charles's followers. The ladies and he had agreed, that the watch word for their arrival should be to send an old woman, with an enquiry, if Mag Molach had been lately seen at Tullochgorum ? Mag Molach, or the woman with a hairy hand, was the tutelar genius of that branch of the Grants, and so many stories of her extraordinary performances were current, that to ask about her would seem a very natural curiosity. Whenever this parole should reach Mrs. Grant, she and her sister were plighted to come with Finlay M'Donald to raise the trunk of the tree ; to assist the gentlemen to descend, and to furnish them with necessaries. When winter set in, they could sometimes venture from the dungeon to take a cup of tea with the ladies, and to hear what was going forward in the world. Social intercourse had been the elixir of life to Mr. Hamilton since early youth. He joyfully accepted this proposal, and before sun-rise, he and John Roy were concealed in the fastnesses of Craig Ellachy ; where, cheerfully refreshed

with provisions Mrs. Gordon sent with them, they conversed in low whispers, till darkness favoured their attempt to reach Glenmore. In case of being traced, they took a circuitous route; going first to the east, instead of crossing the Spey, to the west of Alvey. We cannot minutely detail their adventures; but we know they were soon forced to separate, whilst they experienced all the miseries of outlawry. John Roy, as a soldier, and as a deserter, had been inured to hardship; but Mr. Hamilton, reared in elegance, ease, and security—in a strange country—ignorant of the language—not knowing whom to trust, and not daring to seek his only friend, lest the anxious guest should lead to the detection of both—almost sunk beneath the weight of his accumulated distresses. Worn out, and careless of life, he asked lodgings at the house of a gentleman. He was a hostage at Edinburgh; but his sister, a compassionate spinster, conjectured the stranger was a fugitive. She received him, and he almost fainted with ecstasy, when he found himself in the eager embrace of John Roy. In his hiding place he knew Mr. H.'s voice, and the feeble accents alarmed him for the delicate constitution of his friend.

They both shed tears, and the old lady did not refuse to them the tribute of weeping sympathy. Here they passed a few nights and days, unmolested: but a party of militia sent after Lord Lewis Gordon, had orders to search every house, great and small. A woman came in breathless haste to tell them her cottage had been ransacked, and if there was any one under Mrs. Christian G.'s protection, escape would be impracticable, for the soldiers were marching with quick steps that way. The good spinster had her maids preparing to brew; the large copper was full for next morning; she ordered the women to kindle a great fire under it, and to get water heated in every way they could devise. She then went to bed, leaving instructions with her damsels to say she was sick, and must not be disturbed. If the soldiers persisted, the women must warn them they should be saluted with

libations of boiling water; for they were not soldiers, but robbers. The militia-men had not uniforms, intending to conceal their purposes; and this pretext carried some appearance of reason. The soldiers came; the amazons were resolute, and the militia-men decamped. John Roy and Mr. Hamilton soon set out by different routes. They did not again go so far asunder as formerly, and generally spent the night together in some rocky recess, where a human foot had seldom trod. They were often in want of food, for the wild berries were grown scarce. Their cloaths and shoes were worn, and Mr. Hamilton could ill bear the cold. Their communications were not always calculated to abate a sense of their calamity. Mr. H. told Mr. S. the anecdote of Lady M. and her confessor, and he mentioned, that the persons to whom the prince entrusted his plate and jewels, to be sold for the relief of such as were ruined in his cause, were strongly suspected of abusing the trust. Each endeavoured to speak of his own sufferance with gay raillery; but they owned to the ladies at Glenmore, that they sometimes could not help blaming the infatuation which leagued them with men of desperate fortune, who had nothing to lose, and hoped at their expense to gain by spoil, and by a change of rulers. John Roy had been distinguished by the Duke of Cumberland for his valour at the battle of Fontenoy, and now to behold his royal highness would be equivalent to the doom of a deserter and a traitor. Every day increased the perils and pains of their condition. They forded and swam rivers, climbed precipices, or divided into clefts of the mountains, where only wild animals had hitherto sought refuge; and in various disguises had separately passed through bands of the military; and for what had they incurred those complicated afflictions? For no benefit to their country, if the enterprize had succeeded; and certain woe to multitudes had been the result of its failure. They had not fought, bled, and lost their all to ensure personal, political, or religious liberty. A roman catholic, imbued

with extravagant ideas of indefeasible right, and all the claims to absolute supremacy that give rise to the exercise of arbitrary power, could bring no aggrandizement to Britain, nor any individual freedom to the inhabitants.

The roots of wild liquorice, and tender shoots of fir, were often the best repast of our fugitives, when they durst not venture to cut the green or ripened corn with their dirks, and to fill their ragged pockets. John Roy fashioned a bow and arrow. At school he was the best archer, and a little practice recalled his dexterity. He imitated the call of the doe to her fawn, and of the heath-fowl to its young, and seldom did all the creatures he designed to inveigle escape his well-aimed darts. They dared not strike up a fire, but sometimes in a shealing they got their game broiled. The report of a gun would have been a signal for the soldiers to pursue them. The ladies at Glenmore looked with anxiety for the tenants engaged to occupy the den. Weeks elapsed without any account of, or from them. At length a woman came to say, an old beggar man sent her to ask if Mag Molach had been recently seen about Tullochgorum.—Mrs. Grant understood that John Roy personated this beggar, and said the poor crazy being should be gratified with an answer, and the messenger ought to make haste to tell him that MAG MOLACH was every night in the woods of Glenmore, waiting Tullochgorum's return from Edinburgh. She had looked for him since a specified time. This was exactly the date of John Roy's very pathetic address to Mrs. Grant; committing his life to the mercy of a low-country lady and her sister, and relying on their humanity, though he was not ignorant that her husband and herself favoured the established *regime*.—He and Mr. H. repaired to the woods, and lurked near the den, which he soon discovered by the initials his penknife inscribed. They saw Mrs. Grant, her sister, and Finlay M'Donald by the faint moonlight. They were laden with food; with milk and beer; with bed-cloaths and linen. John Roy and his friend

deposit the stores, and thankfully descended. The ladies helped Finlay M'Donald to replace the stump, and they rose with the dawn to efface the initials, or rather to cut them away; and at a considerable distance they imitated the letters upon another remains of a stem; in case the former inscription had been observed. These ladies walked to the cave every night to give their aid to Mr. M'Donald in liberating the inmates; and it may be supposed they came provided with fresh supplies of every comfort they could afford. They watched in different directions to announce the least indication of danger. Mag Molach, called aloud, was the warning word. No gratification had ever been so delicious to the prisoners as the short ramble that allowed them to use their limbs, and again to behold the canopy of heaven. Immersed all day in darkness, the glimmering myriads adoring the firmament in a frosty night acted upon their sight with more potency than *erst* had shone the luminary of day. Mr. H. begged to have a wide black dish filled with water to collect and reflect the rays of light that penetrated through the roots of the fir, which formed the covering of their den, and this expedient cheered their subterranean abode. They had not ventured to Mr. Grant's house when a new alarm confined them by day and night. Mrs. Grant did not think it proper to invite them in absence of her husband, and uninvited, they would not presume to hint a wish to wait upon her. A rumour reached Mrs. Grant, that the commanding officer at Ruthven in Badenoch, had heard from the east country the certainty that Lord Lewis Gordon was concealed in a cave at Torrigen in Strathspey. Many an uneasy impatient look did Mrs. G. and her sister cast towards the sky, wishing the sun was gone down; and as soon as darkness favoured a visit to the cavern, they repaired thither to tell the gentleman, that a servant belonging to a near relative of Lord Lewis Gordon had overheard some mention of his lordship's asylum.

John Roy exclaimed, "No Highlander would have betrayed Lord Lewis,

nor the poorest fellow who carried arms under the Prince."

Stores were left for the victims of rebellion; and at dead of night the ladies, accompanied by M'Donald, went to raise the trunk of the tree a little for the admission of air. Mr. Grant came home. He approved of all his wife and sister-in-law had done, and went out daily to get information. A fortnight satisfied the soldiery that all their search for Lord Lewis Gordon must be unavailing. Mr. Grant invited Mr. H. and John Roy to tea, and with Finlay M'Donald released them from confinement. The writer never shall forget the impression made by Mr. Grant's description of their haggard looks and threadbare tattered garments, covered with, and perforated by maggots. Their loathsome state was not immediately perceived. Their eyes could not support the light. The blaze of a wood fire was lowered by water; and the candle extinguished. Mr. H.'s health was impaired, and John Roy affected high glee, to amuse his pensive confederate. He composed in *Gaelic*, an extempore oration to the cherishing heat, so long a stranger to their frames, and Mr. Grant translated it to Mr. Hamilton. Shivering with cold and agitation, Mr. H. threw himself into a chair. The candles were relumed, and Finlay M'Donald appeared with new suits of cloaths and linens for the guests. Mr. H. observed his horrible retinue.

"Great God!" he cried, "my friend and I, in our premature inhumation, were also the prey of worms!"

A short hysterical spasm succeeded; but two glasses of wine, and Mr. Stewart's forced merriment, removed the symptoms. Mrs. Grant and her sister came to make tea. A chair was placed for Mr. Hamilton, and as he did not rise to take it, Mr. Grant led him to the table. Mrs. Grant wished to engage him in conversation; but in place of a direct answer, he muttered—

"Johannes Rufus Stewart,  
With brawny limb and true heart:  
Bold as the mountain lion,  
And of liberty the scion.  
Dens, caves, caverns, dungeons, worms, vermiculi—"

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Mr. Stewart looked earnestly at the speaker. His eyes were fixed. His senses were locked in sleep. He was carried to bed, and when he awoke next morning, recollected nothing, except the hideous reptiles.

This fact is not without a parallel. It will be found in the life of Doctor Blacklock, relating the perturbed state of his feelings at Dumfries, after being insulted by the rabble, when inducted to the parish of Kirkcudbright.

After Mr. H. was laid in bed John Roy informed Mr. Grant and the ladies, that the lines recited by him were part of a doggrel poem he composed in his dungeon. Mr. Grant asked if J. Roy's muse never visited the cavern. He could not deny that she once deigned to inspire him; but to repeat her intuitions would perhaps offend. The ladies joined Mr. G. in promising a free pardon for the party spirit of his effusions, and urged Mr. S. to rehearse them. He complied.

"My enemies search for my den,  
Like wolves, raging mad to destroy;  
Controul, O Lord! those cruel men,  
And save thy poor John Roy.

Oh grant this boon, if I may dare  
Ask on my bended knee,  
Make me as many as they are,  
Or they as few as me.

No favour shewn on either side,  
Fate standing passive by,  
The arm of flesh the cause decide,  
Between their chief and I."

"But, ladies," subjoined our hero, "I was tired of prison, and forgot that my own folly consigned me to a den, when I rattled off those rhymes.

As we are not composing a fiction, but recording real incidents, as the prominent feature of troublous times, there must be many chasms in the diary of men, driven from place to place, flying from the death of malefactors, with harassed minds, and weary limbs; their chafed soles often unshod, and enduring the extremities of oppressive heat, intense cold, hunger and thirst; their short intervals of quiet were needful for sleep. This register of their adventures would have been more imperfect, if an unexpected meeting with Mr. Gordon, of Alvey, at Glenmore, had not drawn from them particulars

they did not till then think of reciting. Fifty years after that date, Mr. Gordon was heard to say, he never tasted the sweets of recognition so exquisitely, as in this encounter with Mr. Hamilton and John Roy Stewart. A storm of snow covered the ground, and the moon had not risen, when on a wintry night, Mr. Gordon came to Mr. Grant's house. He and the ladies, with their guests, were seated by a bright burning heap of moss fir. John Roy had seen Mr. Gordon in his youth, and recollected him. Mr. H. never beheld him, though both in emergency were weeks under his protective roof.

"Worthiest! most liberal of men!" cried John Roy, clasping Mr. Gordon in his arms. His name, pronounced by Mrs. Grant, produced equal rapture in the heart of Mr. Hamilton, and he embraced Mr. Gordon before he could disengage himself from Mr. Stewart.

They asked for the M'Gregors. Mr. Gordon informed them, that Mr. Drummond was now on his way to the Continent; but James M'Gregor, through the agency of some secret friend, got to the east country. He procured money to bribe an Inverness merchant to convey him from Strathdearn in a cart, covered with light packages, addressed to noblemen and gentlemen of unquestionable attachment to government. Mr. S. smiled.

"Why do you smile?" said Mr. Gordon.

"If my friend Hamilton will promise to smile, and smile again, I shall tell you a pretty little tale. It cannot now be dangerous to any one, and it will serve to pass our time.—The night I passed at Strathdearn, with the M'Gregors, we lay under the shelter of a rock, surrounded at the base with birch trees. The day just began to appear, when a little old man, and a fine looking youth, in the south country garb, drew near us. The old man carried a tub of smoking water, and dressings for James M'Gregor's wound. The stripling bathed it, applied the unguent, and bandages, dropping many a tear during the operation, which was performed in deep silence. The old man then withdrew to

some distance. They no doubt supposed Mr. Drummond and myself to be asleep; but long accustomed to listen for sounds of danger, the least movement awakes me, and I think a mouse could not tread the velvet moss, without informing my ear. James M'Gregor and the lad spoke in a very low voice. He urged a longer stay. 'I have been with you more than twelve hours,' said the youth: 'they did not seem tedious; but I have far to go, and my horse, and escort, which you know have dispersed to elude observation, are to meet me by degrees, before high noon. Even with his Lordship's written protection, I am unsafe in this distracted country, with only poor old Marjory as a travelling companion. Oh! these sad, sad times, when young women must undertake the part of bearded men, to save a father, brother, and dear relations. When I think of them, I forget all the risks I may run. Remember their lives and property are in your hands. They are safe, if you are guarded in speech and writing. Untrue you never will be; and their influence may procure you leave to return openly among us. For their sakes think of her, who would not for worlds harm a hair of the locks she yesterday combed for the last time, until our nation shall be more settled. Farewell. May saints and angels watch over you!'

James M'Gregor opened the plaid he had all night round his person, and in the tenderest tones said,

"Let me carry with me the dear remembrance, that for once I had my only love in my arms."

'No, James, no. Your memory of this bold journey shall be pure, as the motives that brought me so far from home. If I could have ventured here without the guards my friends provided, I would willingly have travelled all the way only to give you this, that you might buy the good offices of those that are not generous enough to render unbribed services. If I am to see you no more on earth, my days are devoted to God, and the blessed Virgin. Be true to my father and brothers, as I shall be true to you.'

The lady stooped to give a parting salute. James fixed his arms round her neck, and did not unloose them, till the diminutive old man interposed."

After this little narrative, the company amused themselves with conjectures as to who the lady could be; but to every one mentioned, some objection was started, which proved their supposition was erroneous. Mr. Stewart then asked Mr. Gordon to go with him to see if there were any signs of thaw. In less than half an hour they returned, and when reseated, Mr. Gordon held up two rings, requesting every one to examine them, and note their appearance.

"Colonel Stewart," said he, "wishes to place more confidence in me than should be given to mortal man. He has been insisting that I should dispose of those rings, and to send the value to a widow at—"

"Mention no names, Sir, I beseech you," interrupted Mr. S. "It is too much to have planted thorns in an innocent heart;—and at least, for some time, to have indisposed a good, artless girl to be the happy spouse of a man in her own station. I should save her from all blame, and indeed she deserves none. Mr. Hamilton knows the circumstances, and without alluding to any that can divulge the persons concerned, I shall confess my faults. If I know myself, I intended no harm; but let no man after me permit himself to flatter an inexperienced creature with unmeaning attention. The little gallantries, which a well bred lady knows to be affected politeness, a simple child of nature translates into the language of love. I forgot this distinction until too late; and if I only suffered for my idle adulation, I should less lament my folly."

B. G.

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From the Panorama, February 1819.

## "ADVICE TO THE TEENS ;

Or Practical Helps to the Formation of One's own Character."

BY REV. ISAAC TAYLOR OF ONGAR.

**T**HIS volume, rich in practical wisdom, is the second part of 'Self-cultivation Recommended,' and which we think cannot fail of being highly beneficial to youth during their *teens*.

The subjects discussed in this work are, the continuation of school studies—Reading—Observation—Thinking—the Private Study—Choice of Situation—Relative Duties—Company—Female Intercourse—Occasional Deviations—Economy—Entire Education is for Eternity—These topics are discussed in language singularly neat; they are placed in various affectionate and impressive points of view, and are enforced by a series of arguments that cannot fail to carry conviction to the mind of every ingenuous youth; to whom we recommend it as a manual of moral wisdom, by attending to which they will be preserved from innumerable snares and anxieties.

We select one or two passages, by way of specimen of Mr. Taylor's ex-

cellent little volume. Our first extract shall be from the chapter on Reading.

"The books decidedly most important are those which relate to your specific profession. There can scarcely be any situation or occupation which has not something to be learnt from authors. Those persons who, in your present stage of life, undertake to instruct you, must be very ignorant themselves if they cannot point out to you the specific treatises most suitable, and in the order best adapted to your progress. Put so much confidence in their judgment, as to study well what they may recommend. It may be possible, that the books so placed before you may not be alluring, by graces of style, or even by cheerfulness of matter; but, be careful how you call that dull, heavy, or uninteresting, which comes recommended as appropriate to your opening prospects in life. Should it even be so in all fair estimate, yet its being suitable ought to overcome reluctance; its being

necessary should, if you feel rightly, stimulate to exertion. Action will take off *ennui*; victory will reward the most plodding toil.

"Whatever may enlarge your mental powers, will be worth your while to study. One small volume may open to you many views which you could not otherwise obtain; to have had only a glimpse of them is to be many degrees above absolute ignorance. To know that some things exist, is to keep ourselves from many a foolish speech, from many a false judgment, from many a ruinous deception. A new science attained, is almost as a new soul given; it is, at least, as a new sense obtained. Where couching may cause the blind to see, it is a pity the man should continue in darkness; or be shut out of society by deafness, if any operation may give him hearing. Regard your mind as having many powers and faculties, every one of which deserves to be brought into action: esteem yourself but half a man, while destitute of knowledge; any honourable knowledge which comes within your reach.

"The works of nature are multifarious, ever new, ever leaving much more to be known. Do not shrink from the contemplation, because the subjects are endless, but determine rather, out of so many, to seize hold on a few. A walk in the country will be made far more interesting by even a slight acquaintance with natural history. The flower, which many pass as a weed, will become a prize, if a little skill in botany enable you to discern its qualities, its beauties, or its scarcity. To have so fair, so large a book as that of nature, presented to us, and we not able to read it, is a state of ignorance, which the energetic mind ought not patiently to bear. Whatever page is open to you, con it well; but to do this, it will be requisite that you borrow the assistance of some able authors.

"There is a knowledge of man too, highly important for every one to obtain. He will be liable to much deception who is ignorant of the common principles, by which human nature is actuated. He will expect more than he ought, and will be disappointed; he

will address himself to principles which have generally but feeble influence, and will wonder he does not succeed. Read authors who have seen life, and display it. Travellers show the species in many varieties; history marks the grander movements of the multitude; biography shows you more minutely some single individual. You will from each, and especially from all, gain an insight into the true nature of the world you live in, and the beings with whom you must encounter, either in a friendly or in an adverse manner. To know your company is of great importance to your own proper behaviour, to your comfort, and your safety."

We conclude with a few remarks on economy, a virtue of peculiar importance in the present age of dashing appearance and lavish expenditure. If our limits permitted, we could have transcribed from every page some impressive precept or moral illustration.

"I give it as most serious advice, never be in debt. There is nothing so necessary to you as your own liberty and independence. Never let your mind be able to bear the degrading idea, that you owe something which you cannot pay. Be not obliged to pass a shop-window, sneaking, and looking another way. That openness of countenance, so lovely in youth, cannot be kept up with a consciousness of this sort. Is your honour dear to you? depend upon it that tradesmen, one among another, talk you over, and your whole set, and your family connections, and your present follies without scruple;—nay, upon principle; as they have a fellow-feeling for each other's prosperity, and often suffer too much by minors to feel indifferent when any fresh ones come upon their books. Could you bear to overhear such dialogues? could any principle solace your mind under it? would you not feel ready to return all you have had, in anger, perhaps? Yet what right have you to be angry with any one but yourself? Nobody forced you to spend. Be angry with your own weakness, which consented to have what you could not pay for; blame that impatience of gratification,

which could not wait till your finances were in better order. By that time, perhaps, your vagary might have been over, and the having it at all would have appeared to you as it did at the time to your tardy friends.

“Be assured that the first thing you suffer to go down to book will not be the last. The same principle of inordinate desire will continue in action, and put you upon adding another and another article,—each a trifle, a mere trifle,—each of which, so put down, tells the tradesman you are poor, so poor that you cannot pay such trifling sums. Do not submit to it.

“Should you actually rub off these debts by honourable payment, then only see what a waste of money is gone for things of no real use to you. However, as you are out of debt, continue so. Recollect your very uncomfortable sensations, a few times especially, while the debt remained. Having regained your liberty, be doubly chary of it. Escape like an affrighted bird from the trap, and beware for the future of every bait. Only with a weak mind can the temptation to begin a fresh account become successful.

“Do you hesitate, then, to survey the great disgrace of coming of age deep in debt? Foolishly has the youth managed, whose season of disfranchisement is saddened over by the consciousness of being by no means at liberty. Instead of surveying life as a fair field, open to

energy; the remembrance haunts him of debts, and boyish incumbrances, now loading the man, and preventing the free use of his faculties and means. To have to ask assistance of friends to clear off, ought to be a very humiliating business; especially as then the nature of the debts, and the occasions of them, will appear to yourself in a different light from what they now do. Some shame, some remorse, must arise, unless all your feelings are rendered callous: a worse evil this than being in debt, a more absolute loss of more precious property. Yet often this follows as the natural consequence of the other.

“A considerable evil attending upon extravagance, is the frequent temptation it presents, and often, in a very pressing manner, of pursuing some underhand method of obtaining supplies. I dread almost to mention the artifices to which young lads resort when their necessities are urgent. Your present unadulterated feelings would be shocked at many a true story which might be told, to warn you against this one grand inlet (small as it may appear), this grand inlet of every misery, of every vice. The lottery-office is resorted to for relief, and sinks the appalled youth tenfold deeper in debt. The annals of the gaming-house present many sad instances of precipitate ruin. Robbery, swindling, forgery, are the issue, in many cases—the lamentable issue of a silly youth running in debt.”

From the Literary Gazette.

## THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XV.

### A PEDANT.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.—*Love's Labours Lost*.

**I** MADE one last week at Lady —'s *conversazione*, which my

Cousin in the Guards calls the Sunday school; contrasting it with the Marchioness's 'at Homes' on Thursdays, which he calls little Hell, on account of the certain round table. At the first named assemblage I met with \*\*\*\*, LL.D. etc. etc. How some people are spoiled! The moment he entered the room, he was surrounded by all the Blues. "I am charmed to see you," said Lady Charlotte; "you are just come in time; we are all in the dark respecting a certain abstruse subject, and you are the very man to enlighten us."

‘Madam,’ replied the Pedant, ‘I am very willing to do the best in my power; but the sun itself cannot enlighten the blind.’ Rather rude, thought I.

The knotty point being discussed, and the LL.D. giving his commonplace opinion, “Oh! by the bye,” said Mrs. M——, “don’t you think that young man \*\*\*\*\* is a close follower of Lord B— in his moral or graver poetry?” ‘Not a close follower,’ replied the Doctor. “But—you perceive the resemblance?” ‘Yes, madam,’ said he, ‘in his lameness.’ “Did you condescend,” said the Countess of \*\*\*\*\*, “to look in at Lady H—’s rout?” ‘No, madam,’ responded the Scholar: ‘I received one of her encyclical cards; but I never go to a vapour bath, without the advice of the faculty.’ “Admirable!” cried Lady Caroline; “but I dare say, Doctor—— told you that he was to be there.” ‘Your Ladyship is right,’ said the Pedant: ‘he went there, doubtless, in the way of his profession. Colds and catarrhs caught on these occasions, added to the intemperance of the one sex, and the dissipation of the other, are the greatest resources of medical men.’

“I have a thousand apologies to make to you, for my Nephew,” said the Dowager——, “he was really far gone; and I considered it as a condescension on your part, to allow him to be set down in our carriage on your way home the other night.” ‘Madam,’ replied the Doctor, ‘I did not think him so far gone as I could have wished; your Ladyship did well to set him down in any way: and, as to myself, I considered your carriage on that occasion like a stage coach, and was prepared to put up with any company.’ What a brute! thought I. “It is a pity,” rejoined her Ladyship, that he should be so given to swearing.” ‘Not at all,’ said the Doctor; ‘when a man is given to lying, he does extremely well to adopt the habit of swearing; for he can have no respect for his own word, and cannot expect those who know him to have any more reliance on it; an oath, on such an occasion, may

therefore be imposing.’ “Very severe!” whispered a host of Blues.

He now looked sour, but self-satisfied. “My son says that you did not know him, when he accosted you, going to see the Elgin Marbles,” observed the Dowager Lady——. ‘No, madam,’ replied this Light, ‘I took him for a stage coachman, and was perplexed to think how I came to be either in acquaintance or in debt to one, as I conceived that perhaps accosted me for his fare.’ “Very fair,” insinuated a punster. The Doctor frowned. “His brother is a great scholar,” observed the lady again. ‘Yes madam, a great Greek scholar; but his knowledge has been acquired amongst the modern Greeks, instead of the ancients,’ said he, smiling sarcastically. “Have you seen him lately?” resumed her Ladyship. ‘I saw a stiff cravat and a pair of winkers this morning in the Park, with part of a face grinning through a horse-collar attached to a coat; and I conclude that he was in the midst of these fashionable monstrosities.’ (A general laugh).

“Your old friend the General is much altered,” observed a classical Parson; “he is grown quite an old man.” ‘An old woman, Sir, you mean,’ replied the LL.D. ‘and of the weakest kind.’ “By the bye, what do you think of his wife?” ‘I consider, Sir, that she has more caloric in her composition than any other being which I know, being a strong repellent of attraction.’ “The Duke,” interrupted Lady Charlotte, “is gone to Russia.” ‘I hope that it will be a salutary refrigerant to the ardour of juvenile imprudence,’ replied the grave oracle. “I meant to have made a Northern trip myself,” resumed her Ladyship, “but, on reflection, I altered my plan.” ‘I am happy,’ observed the Doctor, ‘that your ladyship’s reflections go so far, some people merely confine them to their looking-glass.’

I now got weary of so much nugatory importance—of so much ill-natured remark, without intrinsic value, and I withdrew, reflecting how unjustly many individuals gain an ascendancy over others. The reputation of a scholar,

eccentric habits, grave dress, a severe countenance, and boldness enough to be rude, have raised the Doctor to his little eminence in his circle, where he holds forth, like the philosophers of old in their porticoes, and where weak, would-be savants and savantes come, each with their taper, to borrow light from an offensive half-illuminated lamp, shining dimly in neighbouring darkness.

Thus are many Pedants spoiled. For my own part, the only novelty I perceived in this character, was to have kept an admiring circle attending to his saying nothing instructive, but every thing ill-natured which was in his power. A discerning eye will find more of this species in the *soi disant* intellectual assemblies of the metropolis. These are the successful quacks of literature, who live upon simples, as the French mountebank said to his gulled and subscribing circle. They have covers at the houses of the great, seats in coroneted carriages, and, what is more astonishing, they hold a high situation amongst their admiring satellites.

#### THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

##### No. XVI.

#### ANOTHER CHAPTER ON PAINTING.\*

Look here upon this picture, and on this—

*Hamlet.*

He's damnable like me, that's certain. *Imprimis*, there's the patch upon my nose, with a p-x to him—*Item*, a very foolish face with a long chin at the end on't: *Item*, one pair of shambling legs, with two splay feet belonging to them.—Well, you are Sosia; there's no denying it.—*Dryden's Amphitryon.*

WHAT a charming art is Painting! Like the invention of writing, it triumphs over distance, and even over death; it gives presence to the absent, and immortality to the deceased; it is the balm of friendship and (in common with writing) the happiest embodying of thought! With what delight may the friend or the lover contemplate the features of the face or of the mind that is dear to him, whilst gazing on a striking resemblance or perusing the welcome letter. There, words and colours breathe and burn; there, we converse

with the far removed, or behold the very figure and expression. Happy, thrice happy art!

That this art should possess its highest merit in all its integrity, it should, like the language of friendship, be faithful and true, not too highly wrought and fanciful: it should be wholly unmingled with flattery, which spoils the likeness, and renders language insincere and worthless.

Whilst reflecting on these things, my mind reverted to the subject of portraits and of miniatures, and I considered how much people deceive themselves and others by marring and disguising what ought to be their second selves, the honest representatives of their looks and persons. 'Tis vanity which produces all this—a wish to be more than what we are, younger, handsomer, arrayed in a more costly style, representing some foreign character; in fine, a counterfeit instead of an honest copy. Artists are instructed directly or indirectly to this effect in numberless instances; and they meet with nothing but unkindness and defeat whenever a plain person is plainly delineated.

Princes, who marry by proxy, deal unjustly in this particular. For example, the blood of St. Louis, and the descendants of Henry the Fourth, are exalted in history to the stars: the very name creates respect and inspires admiration. In the course of events some Princess on the Continent is demanded in marriage; and her mind is inflamed with the idea of becoming the wife of a hero. A very handsome nobleman in the gayest attire (which is not altogether politic) gives the proxy hand, and is the bearer of a miniature surrounded with brilliants (a circumstance which always dazzles and misleads) representing the future bridegroom ever more captivating than he is, and which, being covered with stars and decorations, looks Majesty itself. Her Royal or her Serene Highness (and it is well when the latter is not a misnomer) if she be not inspired by the proxy, arrives on the tiptoe of expectation, and is introduced to her august consort, with eagle-eyed anxiety. But what is her

\* For the first chapter, see the Hermit No. 10.

disappointment ! what her dejection and dismay ! when she meets with a plain little man, like a journeyman mechanic ! and discovers that every good feature in the picture has been a present of the painter's !

Or perhaps one of our own worthy Princes, declining in years, and increasing in wrinkles and in rotundity, with a generous solicitude for the people's weal, and imbued with principles of good breeding and respect for the royal name, dispatches a comely nobleman to fetch him a wife from amongst the Protestant Princesses of the colder part of Europe, some of the illustrious Carolinas or Wilhelminas of our *Teutch Sprachen* neighbours. The miniature is here also produced, free from fleshy incumbrance or claret-blossom, blooming as morn, and fresh as a dewy rose. Is this fair, if the royal *vrau* find, on beholding the original, that the rose is more like a sunflower, and the bloom the glowing honours of grape and good living ?

This system of flattering ruins every picture and every person, every court and every courtier ; it defeats the intention of preserving a fac-simile, as it were, of what it is to represent. Yet, in high life, and in the more middling ranks, all must have their portraits, and, at the same time, all must have their proportion of gracefulness, let nature have treated them how she may. A strong instance of this kind occurred in the following example :—

Mr. Lovegain, a very opulent trader, but a very plain man, was anxious to transmit his resemblance to posterity. He had just been elected an Alderman ; and Mrs. Lovegain was desirous that his full-length, clad in his civic robes, should adorn her dining parlour. The Alderman's complexion was very sallow ; yet was a suit of mourning chosen for his dress, because it looked grave, courtly, and above the vulgar herd. Independently of the plainest set of features which nature ever bestowed on one of her least favoured children, Mr. Lovegain had an expression of vileness, a something mean and bad, which it would be difficult to de-

scribe. His hair was harsh and inclining to grey, but it was judged tasteful to give him a Brutus wig, probably on account of his magisterial capacity, and of his being a stern republican at heart. This completed the natural severity of his brow—the suspicious and half-closed eye, the lip of mockery, and the air of rancour and discontent of his countenance, misanthropical in the extreme, and seeming as if it were always denouncing some one, and saying with a snarl, “ There's something rotten in the state.”

In spite of all these natural defects for a portrait, the Alderman must be painted, and the artist was instructed by him to make a strong likeness. Mrs. Lovegain and his daughters too were most urgent in their applications, that much pains might be bestowed upon the picture ; and Miss said, that if *Pa's* picture was well finished, she would have her own drawn ; nay, that she would try to prevail on *Pa* to have a family piece executed, comprising *Ma* and five children, and taking in a favourite mongrel dog and the black servant following them.

The prospect of extensive gains induced Mr. Varnish to give the portrait most particular attention ; and it was an almost speaking likeness, insomuch, that its stern aspect frightened all the children, and set every dog to barking which came to the painter's house,—whilst numbers that knew the Alderman, would exclaim, on the very first glance at their entering the room, “ Mr. Lovegain ! the strongest resemblance in the world ! ” And this in spite of the disguise of the Brutus wig and of the civic robe, in which few had seen him.

Notwithstanding all this, Mrs. Lovegain was quite frantic with rage that her husband should be painted thus. It was a shame ; it was a caricature ; it amounted to a libel ; it was more like Shylock than the honest merchant ;—she would not allow it to be paid for ; it should never come within her doors ; she would expose the artist ; in short, in one of her paroxysms of rage, she was about to take up a brush and rub out the face. A bandy leg, too, lit up

her anger most dreadfully ; and she said that although Mr. Lovegain had a little protuberance on his shin-bone, and a small deviation from a right line in his limb, yet there was no need for putting it in the picture, and it was the height of impertinence thus to magnify his little defects.

Mr. Varnish promised to give him a new pair of very well proportioned legs, and to bestow on his features a smile of humanity (a thing quite unknown to this money-maker ; ) and suggested, that the hair powdered would throw a light on the subject. All would not do, Miss Lovegain opened a torrent of abuse on the artist ; and declared “ she should hate *Pa* if he was like that picture, and that he must begin it all over again. In this the Alderman coincided, saying bluffly, that “ he knew that he was no beauty, but he’d be hanged if he was half so ugly as that ere.”

The humbled artist began all *de novo*, and gave the citizen a pair of as goodly legs as ever an Irish fortune-hunter sported at the rooms at Bath. He humanized the countenance as much as he could, without losing sight of all resemblance. The Brutus wig, however, being insisted upon by the Alderman’s lady, it was adopted the second time, and the picture, although still that of a very ugly man, was highly finished in point of execution. The Alderman looked surly, and shook his head at the conclusion of the last sitting, and observed, that “ as for himself he did not much care, but that he feared Mrs. Lovegain would not let the picture go to his house.” The artist expostulated, and humbly represented that he had done two portraits for the price of one, that he had bestowed uncommon pains, attention, and time, on them, and that they had been universally deemed striking likenesses. He mentioned a very long list of persons, amongst whom were capital artists, who had pronounced them to be so, and offered to give the picture for nothing, if Mr. Lovegain would bring any dispassionate judge with him who should decide otherwise.

The experiment was tried, and suc-

ceeded to the satisfaction of all but Mrs. Lovegain and her daughters, the former of whom asked the painter, “ If he thought that she would marry such an ugly monster as that ? ” and the latter vociferated all at once, that “ they had no patience with Mr. Varnish’s impertinence, and that they should be ashamed of their *Pa*, if he were the mean looking wretch which that picture represented.”

Driven to despair, the poor artist thought of an expedient, and he told the irritated ladies that he would execute a third portrait, and claim nothing if they were dissatisfied with it. He thought of a stratagem, to which the sitters agreed, in consequence of the loss of the artist’s time. The figure of the second picture was cut out ; but the back ground, in which stood the Alderman’s villa, and the favourite dog, was preserved. Mr. Lovegain was put into the hollow space, and placed opposite a large mirror in the other corner, the view of which was commanded the moment the folding-doors of the painting-room opened. Mrs. Lovegain and her daughters were invited up stairs, and the artist considered his victory over prejudice as certain. What was his astonishment at Mrs. Lovegain’s fury, when, on opening the door, she exclaimed, “ Worse and worse ! There is no bearing this,” and throwing her parasol at the mirror, which she broke into numberless pieces, ran out of the room in hysterics. The Alderman, however, paid the damage ; and the artist’s cause was avenged.

The idea of being painted that year was now given up. On the following, however, a flattering artist at Tunbridge Wells on a trading trip, hit off the Alderman to the entire satisfaction of his whole family, giving him three inches in stature, planing off the rotundity of his stomach, straightening his legs, and throwing such a good-natured smile into his countenance, that he became quite an amiable character. His friends all allowed that the villa and the dog in the back ground were wonderfully like ; but the figure in the foreground was recognized by no one except by his

wife and his daughters. To give it, however, every possible advantage and distinction, a very magnificent frame was purchased for it. The Alderman's coat of arms, consisting of a sable ground divided by a chevron, with a gold ball and two money shovels on it, a hog for a crest (which might have been mistaken in the picture), and the motto "*Omnium*," surmounted the fine whole-length; and, on a label at the

bottom was inscribed, in letters of gold,

"JEREMIAH LOVEGAIN, ESQUIRE,  
OF MIDDLEDITCH HOUSE,

MIDDLESEX,

ALDERMAN, ETCETERA, ETCETERA."

The picture was now considered as complete, though a daub, and a failure in the eyes even of the City; and, but for the lesson it enables him to give, utterly unworthy of the notice of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

For the New Monthly Magazine.

## ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

No. II.

### WALTER SCOTT.

**T**HE life of a poet seldom abounds with much to interest public attention; his days are spent in seclusion and study, and if he does sometimes venture into the world, it is into that part of it not fertile of adventure. "The field's his study; nature is his book." The dangers he encounters are those of fancy, as are many of the pleasures he is supposed to enjoy. He draws boldly on the bank of fiction, but sparingly on that of reality; and those who look for singular events in his life will look in vain. His occupation is a solitary one: he derives his importance from his genius, and if you enquire into his domestic habits, they will be found similar to those of other men, except as being more sedentary they appear less amiable.

An exception may, however, be made in favour of the subject of the following anecdotes. The country which had the honour of receiving into being Walter Scott, is the land of the Muses, where every valley is an Arcadia, and every mountain a Parnassus: inspiration breathes around. The soul of a Spenser, a Drummond, of Hawthornden, and a Burns hovers over the scene; and none can tread the soil without recollecting a name dear to every lover of nature, Thomson. Here also fought "The Wallace;" and here the rival of Homer; here Ossian sang in strains sublime the praises of Fingal and the

sorrows of Colma. No man possessing the smallest spark of poetic fire in his bosom, but would here soon find it kindle into a flame, which fanned by the breath of Amor Patriæ (for which the Caledonian is so deservedly celebrated), must produce the very soul of song.

WALTER SCOTT appears to be smitten in a great degree with the love of country, and tainted rather strongly with the pride of ancestry; and yet, contrary to general opinion—contrary to all the accounts which national vanity has given of this eminent and irregularly sweet and soothing bard, he was not ushered into a bright and pleasing existence from the down bed of prosperity. In early youth,

Adversity, companion of his way,  
Long o'er her victim hung with iron sway.

It has been propagated by his admirers, and the colouring of his poems sanctioned the opinion, or rather gave rise to the opinion, that he is a near relation to the noble family of Scott, Duke of Buccleugh, (a family whose munificent benevolence does honour to Scotland and the human race); this is not correct. He is most certainly a descendant of that noble race; and probably has a little of the wizard, Michael Scott's blood in his veins. At all events, the "witching tales" he has told lead us to think so. He is a very distant relation indeed of that noble house, but the "boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," cannot add any thing glo-

rious to the name of Walter Scott. Ennobled by his superior talent and genius, he has no occasion for assistance from the records of Stirling castle to spread abroad his name, and hand it down to posterity. The Buccleugh family does no honour to the name of Walter Scott: he does honour to them, and of him they have reason to be proud—proud as a great and good man—proud of him as one of the sweetest bards that ever tuned his harp on Moray Hills, and assisted in giving immortality to the mountain scenery of his native land, and the invincible courage of her gallant children.

The father of Walter Scott was a well informed man and a gentleman, his mother a woman of the most amiable disposition, with more common sense than in general falls to female share, and was the intimate friend of Allan Ramsay, Blacklock, and Burns. It was her who moulded the mind of her son, and gave him that excessive tone of sensibility which breathe through all his works. She was remarkably attached to rural life and the poets; and to her rambling in the glens and forests of Scotland, with a book in one hand and her son in the other, we are indebted for the landscapes in "The Lady of the Lake," and all those beautiful descriptions of the Highland scenery, which whilst we are perusing, we actually imagine before our eyes; and it is not until we have finished the sentence or period, that we awaken from our dream of rapture.

In boyhood, Walter Scott was never attached to childish amusements. At seven years of age he went to school, under the tuition of a person named More, Presenter to the Kirk at Musselburgh.\*

Mr. Scott carried with him to school such knowledge as we may suppose a youth of seven years of age capable of acquiring from a father very attentive

to his little favourite in every respect. In fact, he could read well, and had such a propensity for drawing, that all his books were scribbled over with rude figures of men, houses and trees, whenever he could get a pen or a pencil. At this early age we may mark this fact as the dawning of a poetical genius; poetry and painting are as closely allied as music and love. This taste for drawing did not advance with his advancing years, though we have seen a sketch of his of the port of Loch Lomond, taken from the West side, in 1803, very well executed; it is done on a blank leaf of Hecter Macneill's poems, and is now in possession of Captain Fullerton. Like Milton, Swift, and other great geniuses, he was, as the latter said of himself, at school "very justly celebrated for his stupidity." Perhaps much of his stupidity was owing to the want of talent in his master or rather his want of method in the art of teaching. Be that as it may, young Scott certainly did not shine in his early career as a scholar. He learnt to read, write, and attained a tolerable knowledge of the mathematics. In Latin he did not advance far until his tenth year, when Doctor Paterson, a clergyman of the church of Scotland, succeeded to the school at Musselburgh, and the progress of young Scott became rapid. Dr. Blair on a visit at Musselburgh, shortly after Mr. Paterson took charge of the school, accompanied by some friends, examined several of the pupils; he paid particular attention to young Scott. Mr. Paterson thought it was the youth's stupidity occupied the Doctor's time, and said, "My predecessor tells me that boy has the thickest skull in the school." "May be so," replied Dr. Blair, "but through that thick skull I can discern many bright rays of future genius."

#### BUONAPARTE.

A volume under the title of '*Mémoires pour servir à la vie d'un homme célèbre; par M. M.*' has recently been published. The best means of giving an idea of a work entirely composed of anecdotes, and particular traits of the

\* *Presenter is a situation in which the same duties are to be fulfilled as those of a Clerk of the Church of England, but they are all men of excellent education, and often more learned than the minister who sits above them.*

life of Buonaparte, is to quote some of them.

"The Dutchess of L—M— had an inveterate hatred of every thing connected with the ancient nobility. She had acquired the feeling from her husband, who detested this class of citizens, and especially the emigrants. He had exerted all his efforts to dissuade Buonaparte from recalling them to France, and, above all, from placing them about his person; he had even many warm disputes on the subject with the Empress Josephine, who protected them. He took no pains to conceal this aversion, and the emigrants, who were acquainted with his enmity, returned it very sincerely. One day, when a pretty considerable number of them were together, in a saloon in the Tuilleries, through which he had to pass to the Emperor, they affected to place themselves before him, so as to intercept his passage; the general instantly drew his sabre, swearing he would cut off the ears of any one who should stand in his way: this was sufficient, they immediately made room to let him pass, for they knew he was very capable of keeping his word."

"On another occasion, the valet de chambre who announced him to the Emperor, having requested him to wait till M. de Calonne, who was in conference with his Majesty, had quitted his cabinet, N—, in a rage, seized a stool, which he threw at a chandelier, and which, having broken it to pieces, struck against the centre of a pier-glass, which was shivered by the stroke. At this unexpected noise Buonaparte ran out, and received from the General, who was irritated almost to madness, the bitterest and most unmeasured reproaches. "It is then for emigrants," cried he, "that the defenders of the country are put aside! It is to caress the enemies of the national throne that its supporters are humbled! Well," continued he, growing more and more angry, and resuming with the Emperor the tone of familiarity to which he was used some years before, "you always will follow your own way; but you will repent of it. The emigrants! they are traitors; they

were so to their country, to their King, whom they suffered to be murdered; they will be so to yourself; you will load them with favours, and they will assassinate you if they have an opportunity." This sally brought upon N. a temporary exile.

We add an anecdote of a different kind.

"Buonaparte, when first Consul, came out of his private cabinet with a pinch of snuff between his fingers, which he had just taken out of a box that was constantly placed on his bureau. It must be observed that several snuff-boxes were thus placed for his convenience on the chimney-pieces, or some brackets in the adjacent saloons. After taking some turns in the first saloon, he went into the second, where he mechanically stepped up to the table on which there was a box. On opening it, he appeared astonished, and even alarmed; he stopped, hastily shut the box, and ran back through the saloon to his cabinet. There he found another box perfectly similar. We need not add, that the one in the saloon was poisoned. From that time the use of these boxes was abolished; and Buonaparte took snuff either from the corner of his waistcoat pocket, or from a box which the Chamberlain on duty presented to him every moment."

#### DR. GOUGH AND DAVID GARRICK.\*

When the well known Mr. Rigby used to leave town, to spend some time at his seat at Mistley Hall, in Essex, he generally had large parties, as well of persons invited from London, as from the neighbouring country, and the villages of Mistley and Manning. During ten years residence in the same neighbourhood, which commenced just after Mr. Rigby's death, I became acquainted with many of those who had been in the habit of visiting at Mistley Hall, who used to relate numerous anecdotes of the scenes which they had there witnessed. The following always struck me as affording an instance of repartee, peculiarly happy, and may, perhaps, be new to the reader. Among

\* This was Dr. Gough, author of several Works on British Antiquities.

the visitors at the Hall, Dr. Gough and Garrick were invited to pass some time there together. The former, it seems, was a great admirer of good living, and became, on that account, an object of Garrick's ridicule. One day, he ordered a servant to take notice of whatever Dr. Gough might eat or drink, and to put an equal quantity of the same dish or beverage, into a large punch-bowl, which was to be ready on the sideboard for the purpose. This was accordingly done; and when the company was about to rise from table after dinner, Garrick desired the punch-bowl to

be brought. He then expatiated upon the enormity of the Doctor's appetite, and set the company in a roar of laughter at his expence. The Doctor very calmly listened till their mirth being exhausted, he addressed the company as follows:—"Gentlemen, from the very great familiarity with which Mr. Garrick has been pleased to treat me, you have, doubtless, been led to believe that he and I are old and intimate friends; I can, however, assure you, that till I met him here, I never saw him but once before, *and then I paid five shillings for it!*"

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From the Gentleman's Magazine.

## ORIGIN OF SIGNS OF INNS, &c.

### THE EAGLE AND CHILD.

**T**HIS sign, from the charm of "apt alliteration's artful aid," often familiarly styled "The Bird and Baby," is a great favourite in Lancashire; indeed I think there is hardly a town or village of any magnitude in the whole Palatinate without a public-house thus distinguished. It is the crest of the Earl of Derby, Lord Lieutenant of that country, and as such was borne by his brave and loyal ancestor James Stanley, the sixth Earl, by his inviolable fidelity to Charles I. and Charles II. justly entitled to the motto of that noble family "sans changer," which is often inscribed round the sign.

This illustrious nobleman, who had particularly distinguished himself under Prince Rupert at the capture of Bolton and Liverpool by assault, May 28 and June 26, 1644, was Lord of the Isle of Man. On the advance of Charles II. from Scotland, the Earl raised a body of 600 horse for the royal cause, with which, at Wigan-lane, August 25, 1651, he successfully resisted for several hours the republican Colonel John Lilburn at the head of 3000 Parliamentarians; but at length, wounded and overpowered by numbers, he was compelled to retreat; after which he joined his royal master, by whose side he fought in the unfortunate battle of Worcester, Sep. 3; and on finding all lost, he provided for the King's

safety by conducting him to the house at Boscobel; but endeavouring himself to return into Lancashire, was taken prisoner, and though he was promised his life on his surrender, yet, such the faith of rebels! he was conducted to Bolton, where, with unshaken courage, he fell a martyr to magnanimity and loyalty, being beheaded October 15, 1651. His Countess, worthy of such a lord, is memorable for her noble defence of Lathom-house in 1644, against the Parliamentary Colonels Egerton, Rigby, Ashton, and Holcroft, who lost 2000 men in the siege.

The common tradition respecting this crest is that Sir Thomas Lathom and his lady, walking in a wild part of their park, heard the cries of a child, and after diligent search, their servants at length discovered a male infant wrapped in rich swaddling-clothes in an eagle's nest, and as Sir Thomas and his lady were old and without issue, they, considering this child as the immediate gift of God, had him baptized by the name of Lathom, and bequeathed to him their large estate. The foundling on his death left an only daughter, whom Sir John Stanley married, and in memory of this remarkable event, took the Eagle and Child for his crest, which has ever since been borne by his noble successors the Earls of Derby.

The real history appears to be that

Sir Thomas Lathom, who lived in the reign of Edward III. had by his wife one only child, a daughter, named Isabel, who was married to Sir John Stanley, but he had an illegitimate son by a Mary Oskatel, which he directed to be laid secretly at the foot of a tree on which an eagle had built her nest, and pretending to have accidentally discovered the infant, he persuaded his lady to adopt it, and at the same time assumed for his crest an eagle looking backwards as for something she had lost or was taken from her. The child, who was afterwards known by the title of Sir Oskatel de Lathom, was long considered as heir to his estates; but Sir Thomas shortly before his death, revealed the fraud, and left the bulk of his property to his legitimate daughter Lady Stanley, whose descendants altered the Lathom crest of an eagle regardant, as before related, to an eagle triumphing over and preying upon a child.

#### THE EAGLE. THE SPREAD EAGLE.

##### THE EAGLES.

Of these birds, the golden eagle, the ring-tail eagle, the sea eagle, the osprey, and the erne, are British, and as such described by Pennant in his "Zoology."

The Eagle is remarkable for its longevity, power of abstinence from food, and a sight, quick, strong, and piercing, even to a proverb. Keyser relates that one died at Vienna after a confinement of 104 years; and this vigour is alluded to in Psalm 103, verse 5.

"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the Eagles."

One of these birds, in the possession of Owen Holland, esq. of Conway, through the neglect of his servants, endured hunger for 21 days without any sustenance whatever. Its natural history is finely described in Job, chap. 39, verses 27, 28, 29, and 30.

"Doth the Eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?"

"She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place."

"From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off."

"Her young ones also suck up blood, and where the slain are, there is she."

The Eagle, considered as the King of birds, was dedicated to Jupiter in

commemoration of its supplying him with nectar when he lay concealed in Crete, for fear of being devoured by his father Saturn. At Strawberry-hill is the statue of an Eagle, found in the gardens of Boccapadugli within the precinct of Caracalla's baths at Rome, in the year 1742, described, by its then possessor Horace Walpole, as "one of the finest pieces of Greek sculpture in the world, and reckoned superior to the Eagle in the Villa Mattei. The boldness and yet great finishing of this statue are incomparable, the eyes inimitable. Mr. Gray has drawn the "flagging wing."

The sleeping Eagle in Pindar is thus translated by West:

"Perch'd on the sceptre of th' Olympian king  
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;  
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,  
While gentle sleep his closing eye-lids seals:  
And on his heaving limbs in loose array  
To every balmy gale the ruffling feathers play."

By Akenside:

"With slacken'd wings,  
While now the solemn concert breathes around,  
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord,  
Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number'd notes  
Possess'd, and satiate with the melting tone,  
Sovereign of birds."

By Gray:

"Perching on the scepter'd hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king,  
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:  
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak and lightning of his eye."

The Eagle was borne by way of ensign or standard by several nations. The first who are known to have assumed it were the Persians, according to the testimony of Xenophon. The Romans, after using a variety of animals, as wolves, leopards, and eagles, according to the fancy of the commander, at length, in the second consulate of Marius, fixed permanently on the eagle as their principal military ensign. It was borne on the top of a pike, was made either of gold or silver, with wings displayed, and frequently grasping a thunder-bolt in its talons.

When Cæsar first attempted to land in England, as his vessels could not approach close to the shore, the Romans, intimidated by the warlike appearance of the natives, hesitated at commencing

the attack, until the standard-bearer of the 10th legion rushed into the tide, exclaiming, "Follow, soldiers, unless you will betray your Eagle to the enemy." Thus incited, the Romans leapt into the water, and, after a desperate resistance, made good their landing near Deal on the 26th of August, 55 years before Christ.

The late Emperor of France, in imitation of the Romans, adopted the eagle as his principal military standard; and six of these trophies of the superior valour of Britain were deposited in Whitehall chapel, on May 18, 1811, together with the falsely-styled "Invincible" standard, taken in Egypt, and several other regimental colours. Two more French eagles were taken by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo.

According to Menestrier, the Roman Emperors of the East, when there were two on the throne at the same time, instead of doubling their eagles on their ensigns, joined them together and represented them with two heads. The Emperors of the West, or of the German empire, adopted this ensign as claiming the supremacy over both parts of the empire; and at a later period, the Czars of Muscovy, proposing to add the Eastern portion of the Roman empire to their vast Northern possessions, also adopted for their armorial bearing an eagle with two heads.

A white eagle was the ensign of Poland when a kingdom; a black eagle is the present ensign and principal military order of Prussia.

The principal inns at Machynlleth and Wrexham are distinguished by this sign.

#### THE ELEPHANT. THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

The former of these signs Shakspeare has given to an inn in a city of Illyria, where, in his comedy of "Twelfth Night, or What you will," he makes Antonio tell Sebastian,

"In the South suburbs at the Elephant  
Is best to lodge."

The latter is a very common sign; and an inn, so distinguished, at Newington in Surrey, from its situation near London at the junction of several roads, is almost universally known.

The elephant, a native of Asia and Africa, is the largest of all land animals. Those at the Cape of Good Hope are from 12 to 15 feet high. They are herbivorous, and live to the age of 120 or 130 years. When tamed, they are gentle, docile, obedient, attached to their master, grateful for benefits, but warmly resentful of injury; and numerous instances are related by naturalists in which their sagacity and sensibility have been displayed in a very eminent degree. Hence Pope, in his "Essay on Man," says,

"How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,  
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine."

Polwhele, in his "Influence of Local Attachment with respect to home," gives the following beautiful picture:

"Nor, as revisiting the palmy grove

That waves, where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,  
Does the sage elephant at random rove;

But winding round the gem-fraught mountain's  
side,

On the known valley glances looks of pride,  
Where he had once, fierce victor, with the blood  
Of his mail'd enemy the foliage dy'd.

Then o'er the feats of youth he seems to brood,  
Rears his proboscis high, and hails the conscious  
wood."

From the Literary Gazette.

#### DR. JOHN WOLCOTT.

(PETER PINDAR.)

**T**HERE is no part of our literary labours in which we find it so difficult to perform what may be satisfactory to our own minds and worthy of our readers, as that which embraces the biography of departed contemporaries, whose talents entitle them to a record

more distinguished than the bare obituary allotted to common men. To avoid barrenness on the one hand, and misrepresentation on the other; to be able to note the leading features in lives generally retired, without permitting them to be distorted by the partialities of near

observers ; to omit nothing deserving of preservation, and to set down nothing contrary to truth ; to execute, in fine, that sort of memoir to which alone any value can be attached ;

“ Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,” is indeed at all times a task of difficulty amounting almost to impossibility, and never more impracticable than at the moment when death has overthrown sincerity and fact into the flood of sympathies which attend the grave of genius. Few and wicked are the enmities which pass this bourne, and the reaction of humanity is so strong, that of those of whom during their existence it was hopeless to hear any good, it is equally hopeless after their last sigh is breathed to hear any evil. Death is the Moral Sun of Man : even his dark spots grow bright in the effulgence of its beams, and all that was misshapen and gloomy in his mortal present, assumes the forms of beauty, and glows and reddens into glory for posterity.

Endeavouring, to the best of our information, to steer clear of the prejudices which beset the immediate Biographer, and to arrive at truth through candour and honesty, we proceed to offer a slight sketch of the life of the celebrated person whose name and greater *Alias* stand at the head of this essay.

John Wolcott was born at Dadbrook in Devonshire, in the year 1737. His parents were respectable, but not in affluent circumstances. Their son was, however, educated at the grammar school of the neighbouring town of Kingsbridge ; and if we may judge by his proficiency in those branches which are usually taught in a country school, his instructor must have been a man of considerable abilities. The knowledge of Latin and Greek which he acquired, though not profound, was extensive ; and his classical attainments were altogether of a respectable order, storing his mind, and, when necessary, enriching his productions.

From Kingsbridge he was sent to France, and remained in that country about a year to complete his studies. On his return he was taken apprentice for seven years by an unmarried uncle,

who practised as a surgeon and apothecary at Fowey in Cornwall.

There are few situations more auspicious to the cultivation of a literary disposition than that of a young compounder of galenicals in the laboratory of a provincial practitioner. Between whiles, when the pestle ceases to ring, there is abundance of idle time ; and the direction of the mind being bent towards study, it is diverted by the most facile movement, from anatomy to the belles lettres, or from medicine to the Muses. Indeed it is more rare to meet a student of physic without than with a bias for polite literature.

It is not surprising therefore that such a youth as John Wolcott should devote every hour of relaxation, while under his uncle's charge, to the pursuit of those inquiries so congenial to his feelings and strong natural powers ; that he should seek in delightful intercourse with the sages of ancient lore, with poetry and with painting, for enjoyments which were denied to his graver occupations. Such was the case. From his early years he cherished a taste for the sister accomplishments of drawing and poetical composition. The pencil and the pen divided his leisure hours. With the former, he beguiled the native landscapes of Cornwall of their sweetest features ; and with the latter, amused his friends, and acquired that ease and mastery of language which led to his subsequent fame. His studiess from nature in painting are stated to have been done in a free and bold style ; displaying a thorough conception of what is great in the art. With the performances of his muse, the public are better acquainted ; and we shall revert to them after noticing a few of the chief incidents of his more active life.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship, Wolcott, as is customary, came to London, where he continued his medical studies in the hospitals, and under the direction of the ablest Professors and Lecturers of that day. In 1766, Sir William Trelawney, a friend and distant relation of his family, was appointed governor of Jamaica, and in the following season he carried out with him our

subject (now in his 30th year) as his physician. The brief memoir prefixed to Pindar's work alleges that the author obtained his degree of M.D. on his return from Jamaica; but the fact more agreeable to truth, is, that it was conferred upon him by a Northern University previous to his leaving England, and after he had undergone the necessary examination by the well-known Dr. Huxham of Plymouth. Soon after his arrival in Jamaica, Dr. Wolcott was nominated by his patron Physician-general of the island; but it does not appear that this sonorous title was accompanied by a corresponding revenue, nor that his private practice as a physician was of a lucrative kind. This accounts for his experiencing a call, or in other words, turning his attention to the church. The illness of the Rector of St. Anne's seems to have been the proximate cause of the Doctor's inclination towards divinity: the living was rich, and Sir William Trelawney was equally willing to promote his interests in the cure of souls as of bodies. It has been said that the Bishop of London, however, disappointed all his expectations in this line, by refusing him ordination; while, on the contrary, he actually took orders (not without meeting an opposition, which, to have been entirely praiseworthy, ought to have been too strenuous to be surmounted) and returned to Jamaica, where lo! he found the Incumbent of St. Anne's restored to health, and where, soon after, his friend the Governor died, having been able to do nothing more for our medical-clerk than give him the living of Vere, in which he placed a curate, residing himself at the Government House in Spanish Town.

Of the unfitness of Wolcott for a Christian ministry there can be but one opinion. He was a man addicted to profanation, and prone either in conversation or in writing to bring the most holy things into ridicule. To the 2d canto of the *Lousiad* there is most irreverently prefixed the sacred passage, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." In "Peter's Pension" his taste for mu-

sic is recorded in a defence of Sabbath fiddling, which, to say the least of it, would not have been becoming in a clergyman. He is addressing our good, exemplary, and moral King:—

I dare refuse you for another reason—

We differ in religion, Sir, a deal;

You fancy it a sin allied to treason,

And vastly dangerous to the commonweal,

For subjects, minuets and jigs to play

On the Lord's day.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of fiddling;

And in my morals what the world calls *middling*;

I've ask'd of Conscience, who came straight from Heaven,

Whether I stood a chance to be forgiven,

If on a Sunday, from all scruples free,

I scrap'd the old Black Joke and Chere Amie?

"Poh! Blockhead, (answered Conscience) "know,

God never against music made a rule;

On Sundays you may safely take your bow—

And play as well the fiddle as the fool."

If such were the written sentiments of this *Liberal*, it can scarcely be imagined that his *viva voce* morality was more german to the character of a Christian teacher. On the contrary, his conversation was stained with the vulgarity of frequent oaths, and he spoke not only lightly but contemptuously of religion. One or two anecdotes may illustrate this. During the short period of his officiating at Vere, he used jocularly to say that he offered up prayers to the *Holy Trinity* in the morning, and amused himself by *shoot-ing at the Holy Ghost*\* in the afternoon.

Another expression, more shocking to Christian ears, was oftener than once uttered by him in moments of hisarity: he would exclaim, "I could spit in the face of God Almighty, for inventing death; it is such a d—d bore upon a man's life."—The person who could use this daring and disgusting language, would not be very guarded in his remarks upon any of what may be thought the erroneous observances of devotion. We have heard one of his remarks on the Scourging of our Saviour, as performed in one of the Sacred Mysteries in a Roman Catholic country, which is too gross for us to repeat. We have given enow of examples to prove his unworthiness of ordination:

"From such apostles, oh ye mitred heads

Protect the church!"

\* *Wood-pigeons, so called in the West-Indies.*

There being nothing apostolic in the Doctor's clerical devotedness, the events we have spoken of in Jamaica restored him to the arms of Esculapius. On the decease of Trelawney he returned home, and established himself as a physician at Truro. A legacy of about 2000*l.* bequeathed to him by his uncle and old master, and the profits of his profession, might have enabled him to journey on easily and agreeably. But neither his ideas nor habits were of a kind calculated to give rest to their owner. His satires, now becoming very frequent and notorious, procured him many enemies. Those who smarted under their bitter ridicule, did not forget the injury, and those who laughed at them, rather dreaded than esteemed the writer. The two-edged sword often wounded him who wielded it, while he imagined he was only cutting others. To crown the blessedness of this state of warfare, he became involved in a parish lawsuit about an apprentice, and it may well be supposed that trouble and annoyance, as well as pecuniary loss, were the consequences.

The most memorable circumstance connected with his history at this period, is his having discovered the genius of young Opie, while labouring, as it is said in a saw-pit, and his bringing that admirable artist forward to the notice of the world. At first he employed his humble protégé in menial offices, but his shining talents burst these bounds, and the public acknowledged a painter of the highest order in the late servile Opie.

It is asserted, that the hostility of Dr. Wolcott to the King had its foundation in some slight which was offered, or supposed to be offered, by his Majesty, to his friend; and the rancour with which he revenged this affront for many years, was fed by the accessory that dropt into its alliance in the shape of profit and emolument from the sale of works addressed to the abuse of royalty—at that period a practice of greater novelty and rarity than it has since been. But however this matter may be, the Doctor himself not long after quarrelled with Opie, and from

being his loudest panegyrist, became his most furious accuser. Such was his temper, that few or none of his friendships survived many years. Like Dr. Johnson, he was impatient of contradiction, and seldom if ever forgave any one who offended him. From those who courted his favour, he expected the deference and submission of an eastern monarch, which not being paid, like an eastern despot he would doom the guilty and all his family and friends to everlasting persecution. When he broke with Opie, he took Mr. Paye, an artist of much promise, under his protection, lodged in his house, advised, and praised him in public. But Paye never rose to be a rival to the discarded Opie, and the connexion between him and Pindar was also soon dissolved by a rupture. A few anecdotes connected with this part of our subject may be acceptable.

Mr. Paye, the new protégé and host of Wolcott, was, like Opie, his predecessor in favour, and like the Doctor himself, a man of peculiar character, and not likely to bend long to the humours of another. His pictures of domestic life, of children, &c. and one, in particular, of a woman sitting at a window, had acquired him celebrity as an artist not inferior in finish to the principal Flemish painters. Of course he expended much time on these productions, and his adviser was wont to tell him, "D—n it, Sir, you will paint yourself into the King's Bench." The result was that Paye wrought with less care, became woolly and indifferent, and fell into that very decline of fortune, which was prognosticated from his keeping the opposite course. We believe this artist is still alive, and less known than his earlier pieces should have made him. After his rupture with Peter Pindar, he revenged himself in a caricature, in which he ridiculed the Poet's parsimonious disposition (for though a lover of good eating and drinking, Wolcott was at home a very strict economist) by exhibiting him as a bear, with the Doctor's wig on, painting by the fire, and putting kneaded clods of Thames mud upon it from a

bucket—an expedient to which it seems he was in the habit of resorting to keep in his fire in London, where coals were dear, and no Cornish turf for a substitute.

When Opie was first heard of, his fame rested on a very humble foundation. He was asked what he had painted to acquire him the village reputation he enjoyed;—his answer was, “I ha’ painted Duke William for the signs, and stars and sich like for the boys’ kites.” Wolcott told him some time after that he should paint portraits as the most profitable employment. “So I ha’: I ha’ painted Farmer so and so, and neighbour such-a-one, &c. wi’ their wives, and their eight or ten children.” “And how much did you receive?” “Why Farmer so and so said it were but right to encourage *genus*, and so he ga’ me half a guinea!” “Why, Sir, you should get at least half a guinea for every head.” “Oh na’, that winna do—it would ruin the country.” So strikingly humble and characteristic were the first steps of Opie.

Before returning to our narrative, from which the mention of these artists has not only a little diverted us, but led us into an anticipation of events, we shall add a whimsical trait of Pindar’s own early life. When in his uncle’s laboratory, he used to tell his fancy imputed a language to the mortars at which it was his daily task to labour. “Whenever,” said he, “I was using the large marble one, I thought it repeated the words, *Linger-em-long, Linger--em--long, Linger---em---long, Lin-ger----em-----long*, but when the little brass fellow was rung upon by the pestle, he cried, *killemquick, killemquick, killemquick*.” Our readers may amuse themselves by trying these sounds, severally pronounced slow and fast to the accompaniment of a large marble and small brass mortar. Perhaps they will only remind us of the old adage,

As the fool thinks,  
So the bell clinks.

Before getting into these gossipings we should have stated, that great success and celebrity having attended the

first publication under the signature of Peter Pindar, viz. the “Epistle to those literary colosses the Reviewers,” and the “Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians,” 1782 to 1786, the author quitted Truro and threw himself upon London as a writer by profession.

Upon the merits of these compositions our limits will not allow us to enter at any length. That they were able, original, and personally severe, the admiration and clamour they occasioned amply testify. Indeed they displayed an exuberance of wit, and no small share of malignity. The former cut with the sharp and brilliant edge of a razor (not such as is made *to sell*;) the latter gashed the victim like the tomahawk or scalping-knife. Never did a writer more aptly paint himself than Pindar did in his picture of the Reviewers.

I never said, like murderers in their dens,  
Ye secret met in cloud-capped garret high,  
With hatchets, scalping-knives in shape of pens,  
To bid, like Mohocks, hapless authors die;

Nor said, (in your Reviews, together strung)  
The limbs of butchered writers, cheek by jowl,  
Looked like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung  
Before the angry spider’s dreary hole.

Put *he* and *his* for *they* and *theirs*, and *artists* for *authors* and *writers*, and the description fits the bard better than the Reviewers. With regard to the Odes, it must be confessed that in the midst of much partial feeling and acrimony, there is a great deal of truth and sound judgment. The praise of Reynolds and the abuse of Sir William Chambers; the sore attacks on Mr. West’s apostles and angels, and painting

- - - - - God Almighty’s son  
Like an old clothes-man about London street;

the strictures on Gainsborough’s modest landscape, and advice to him to abandon figures; the castigation of Chamberlain, whose portraits would “be tolerable nature”

When it so shall please the Lord  
To make his people out of board;

And

Of Louthembourg, whom Heaven wills  
To make brass skies and golden hills,  
With marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing;

His ridicule of Mr. and Mrs. Cosway ; and, in short, his remarks altogether on the Academicians of that era, Stubbs, Serres, Zoffani, Barret, Angelica Kauffman, Peters, Rigaud, Dance, Mary Moser, Copley, &c. &c. not forgetting poor Hone, of whom it is written,

And now for Mister Nathan Hone—  
In portrait thou 'rt as much alone,  
As in his landscape stands the unrivalled Claude !  
Of pictures I have seen enough,  
Most vile, most execrable stuff ;  
But none so bad as thine, I vow to God !—

These remarks, we repeat, though in some instances grossly exaggerated and partial, are upon the whole such, that time has confirmed the opinions of the satirist ; and while real genius, such as Mr. West's, has surmounted his sneers (though even that has not entirely negatived his criticisms,) the multitude have sunk into the oblivion he predicted, though persons of name and note only thirty years ago ! This may serve as proof, if proof be wanting, that neither academic honours (often granted to inferior artists for fawning and sycophancy) nor puffing in newspapers, nor self-exaltation, nor the maligning of competitors, nor exhibiting and placarding, will establish a reputation for even a shorter era than vanity can endure to think upon as the limit of its reign.

The amusing stories of the Cornish Lasses and St. Paul's, the Razor-Seller, and the Pilgrims and the Peas, we need hardly remind our readers were introduced into these Lyrics, and together with other pieces, not connected with the main purpose, gave variety and spirit to the whole.

His Majesty had been incidentally

assailed in these compositions, but the next step of the poet was to assign an entire work to the loyal and laudable project of rendering his Sovereign ridiculous. The *Lousiad*, a clever mock-heroic, in four cantos, was the result : it requires no comment, since no ability can excuse a production which only proved that he who disregarded his God did not honour his King. "Bozzy and Piozzi," a burlesque on the biographers of Dr. Johnson, was his next publication. "Ode upon Ode, or a Peep at St. James's ; or New-Year's Day," followed, and helped to carry on the scurrilous system for bringing the King and Royal Family into contempt. The success which attended these incessant attacks may be gathered from the fact, that they produced a very general impression throughout the country, that his Majesty, unquestionably one of the most shrewd and intelligent men in Britain, was so devoid of sense as to be scarcely one degree superior to an ignorant fool. Absurd, but humorously told anecdotes, and imitations of a stammering speech, served to confirm this opinion much more than the general contumelious satire and undervaluing of the King's capacity ; and the stigmas upon his royal consort, we know, were so adroitly fixed, that they remained even to the day of her death, and almost attached to her memory.

These various publications being got up at very small expense, and sold in immense numbers, at from eighteenpence to half a crown, must have brought large sums to the coffers of their author.

*Concluded in our next.*

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From La Belle Assemblée.

## HURRICANE AND EARTHQUAKE AT QUEBEC IN 1663,

And the Massacre of English Prisoners at Fort William Henry in 1757.

**T**HE most approved Ladies' Magazines have corrected the deficiency or fault so often regretted by zealous and judicious promoters of solid feminine accomplishments, and they now frequently intersperse with moral and amusing fictions select portions of natural history, or historical facts, illus-

trative of the consequences resulting from laudable or reprehensible actions. Contributions to this important department may be rendered more attractive by exchanging the didactic array for a gayer dress, interwoven with some interesting recitals. The well informed fair reader can easily distinguish be-

tween facts and mere embellishment ; and younger ladies who desire to attain this discrimination can be agreeably entertained in acquainting themselves with the elements of physiology so far as to know the most remarkable phenomena of nature in different countries. One hour, or even half an hour, daily bestowed on the perusal of history will invigorate the reasoning powers, give perspicacity to the judgment, and confirm every principle most essential to female worth and respectability. The following story contains much historical truth ; but the loves of a soldier and a beautiful Indian have been gratuitously dignified with a British origin, and the military *amorous* has a better education than commonly belongs to his sphere ; though much insubordination and debauchery among our defenders might be prevented if their leisure moments were occupied in cultivating their rational faculties, and seeking enjoyment within themselves.

"Power may be perverted to tyranny, the valorous achievements of the warrior may be tarnished by inhumanity, conquerors may dazzle passing generations—but never may the heart of Montcalm grow so callous to self-reverence as to rest satisfied with the transient acclamations of present fame, while the impartial voice of posterity must stigmatize a horrible transgression against justice and mercy. The perfidious Jesuit ensnared me in compliances that have blighted in one hour all the laurels earned in a life of hard service. The brave Englishmen that surrendered to superior force, will rise up in future times to brand with dishonour the commander who overpowered their gallant resistance by numerical superiority and misused his victory. Yet they held out until liberal terms of capitulation were granted, and they trusted to these conditions for security in marching out to the covered waggons promised for conveying them under a safe escort to Fort Edward. At this solemn solitary midnight hour, I think the magnanimous band pass before my eyes, while their countenances and every motion bespoke intrepidity of spirit,

which even fatigue, privation, and captivity could not subdue. I see them assisting the females, the infantine, the sick and wounded, hardly deigning to look at the ferocious savages gathering around them. Even after those intruders began to pillage and strip the exterior ranks, their comrades, as they afforded succour, seemed to depend upon the more effectual interposition of the guard promised to defend them from adverse Indians. The Jesuit, by insidious misrepresentations, persuaded me that by granting the savages an opportunity to see the English in their enfeebled state, they would feel increased contempt for our humiliated enemies. The diabolical churchman executed my orders, and intimated to the chief my wish to have the British heretics exterminated. When the warhoop announced their hostile intentions, I would have rushed into the midst of the execrable assassins ; but my staff, with too anxious coercion, saved my life at the expence of my honour ; and I would not throw away the lives of my soldiers in vain efforts to aid the devoted prisoners. Oh God ! never shall placid repose visit the eyelids of Montcalm. The haunting vision of my slaughtered captives stalks before me, rendering privacy hideous ! The blood still curdles at my heart in recollecting how men, women, and children were scalped with fiend-like ferocity, and the harpies drank the gore as it streamed from the gashes they inflicted upon the bodies of their unarmed victims. The English, with unconquered valour, presented themselves as a barrier between the inveterate foe and their helpless or disabled compatriots. The husband, staggering with mortal wounds, collecting his strength, protected his wife and children ; she clasped a babe to her bleeding bosom, warding from the innocent each stroke that made a purple tide gush from her arms. Little boys performed the deeds of manhood to screen their juniors ; but the whole mass, disfigured, mangled, trampled, and expiring, bequeathed to posterity the name of Montcalm steeped in opprobrium."

The sad ruminations of Montcalm

were broken by an aide-de-camp, with intelligence that the Indians tumultuously required their late chief and his wife to be committed to the general's custody, leaving it optional to him either to punish them for refusing to assist his nation in cutting down root and branch of the Britons, or to send those refractory persons to their own people at Fort Edward. Besides endeavouring to prevent the massacre of the English, this aged chief was charged with accusing the Oneidas of keeping his only daughter from him. A short digression will impart the secret of her mysterious fate. While the Indians were engaged in the work of death, the Jesuit who misled Montcalm hastened to the Oneida camp, and lay in ambush till a messenger he sent to the chief's wife, conducted her to Quebec, under pretence that her husband was a prisoner, and depended on her intercession to obtain his liberation. Half an hour after her departure he entrusted another messenger to inform the young and beautiful Cambayai, that her parents were hurried away in fetters to Fort Edward, and enjoined her to meet them there, with no fellow traveller but the bearer of the message, as they considered it imprudent to let the nation have a surmise of their capture. Cambayai instantly obeyed the parental mandate, and the priest followed at some distance. In the evening her companion disappeared, and after a painful search, she concluded the woman had perished in some swamp, as no response to her loud, reiterated, and persevering calls allowed a hope of her existence. In exploring defferent paths, she caught a glimpse of the priest, and Cambayai had not forgot how on a former occasion he forgot the deference due to maidenly reserve. Darting into a thicket of lofty pines, she climbed a tree, and concealed herself until the shades of night permitted her to pursue her journey. The priest did not dare to enter the forest lest straggling parties of Indians, instigated by Cambayai, might avenge the wrongs he attempted to perpetrate. Yet bent upon his villainous design, he proceeded by the

open route, assured that Cambayai must cross a champaign country before she reached the Fort, and then would fall an easy prey. He calculated aright, that though her companion was gone, she would persevere in making her way to her parents; but the circuitous woodland progress so detained her, that he had to wait on the verge of a sylvan tract many hours. At length Cambayai emerged, lovely as a wood nymph issuing from the verdant bower to hail the rising sun; but fleet as the startled deer from the hunter, she fled when the Jesuit would have accosted her. Her flowing tresses entangled in a bush, and the execrable pursuer overtook, and would have succeeded in the most irreparable outrage, if a clenched hand had not felled him to the ground.

Cambayai and her deliverer drew near the Fort ere they recognized each other. The British soldier must return to the foraging party he left only to rescue Cambayai; but he committed her to the charge of his aunt, who was head nurse in the garrison hospital.

We shall leave her with a virtuous matron, to enquire for the doom of her father.

When the aide-de-camp came to Montcalm, he had not undressed. He gave orders to make the strictest search for the chief's daughter, and to bring him and his wife before a select council of officers without delay. In a few eloquent remarks he made them feel the stigma incurred by the French on account of the base massacre of their prisoners, and that the Indian chief ought to be sent to the nearest British station, to explain the circumstances, which ought to be considered as exonerating his most Christian Majesty's officers and soldiers in all share in that horrid transaction. The officers eagerly seized those ideas, and the Indian chief was called into their presence. He seemed above six feet in height. His unwrinkled forehead was shaded by a profusion of hair silvered by age; but age had not impaired the elasticity of his limbs, nor the animation of his dark eyes, nor the erect dignity of his figure; and beneath an Indian garb the Euro-

pean form and lineaments were manifest. A majestic female, with the remains of fine features, hung upon his arm, and in addressing the council an air of habitual command rendered more impressive their energetic language. Both spoke French fluently, and after her husband had paid a graceful compliment to Montcalm, the chieftainess, with a flood of tears, implored him to make every exertion to restore the last of their race. Her sons had all shed their blood, even unto death, in the service of the French against the nations that opposed them; and though the chief could not endure to combat his own natural people, he had permitted the next in command to head the tribe and to join their good allies. He had indeed endeavoured to prevent the massacre of his countrymen, and this could be no crime in the eyes of the generous French.

Montcalm replied, that the chief could not be more averse to the murder of the English than he, his officers, and all his army; and they earnestly requested him to go to Fort Edward, and make known the unhappy catastrophe in its genuine colours. As to the fair Indian, Montcalm had ordered inquiries concerning her in every quarter. While Montcalm spoke, a party of Indians brought forward a Huron boy, who affirmed he met Cambayai alone in the forest travelling very fast, as she said, to Fort Edward, where her parents had desired her to meet them. The chief and his wife testified impatience to depart immediately for that garrison; but some preparations were requisite for the soldiery who should go as their guard; and during those arrangements Montcalm asked how two Europeans had attained the highest station over an Indian tribe?

The chief replied:—"I am old, but not so old as to have witnessed the earthquake which, in the spring, 1663, spread terror over Quebec and a large extent of the surrounding territory. That event separated my father from his own people, and I shall relate the particulars, as he often communicated them to me, and to others, who never

were weary in listening to his narration. My father spoke thus:—

'Political troubles banished my parents from their native land—or rather they voluntarily fled from civil and religious persecution. My father died on the passage to America; and my mother married, in a few months, a man much older than herself—but she was destitute, and I totally helpless, being not three years of age. My step-father loved me as his own child; and after my mother's demise, his tenderness never abated. A young English girl, in her twelfth year, having lost both her parents, in a fever, became resident in our family. She was near sixteen when my mother fell into a decline; and on her death-bed urged her husband to make that lovely young creature the partner of his fortune. They were about eleven months married, when the good old man died of a few hours' sickness. I might be then nearly seven years old, and I bewailed my affectionate step-father with inconsolable anguish. The widow took me in her lap, and the crowd of neighbours that came to condole with her, joined in soothing the child.

'A rushing noise made every one forget they had any object to engage them but their own safety. Their perturbed spirits foreboded a dreadful conflagration, or some convulsion of nature. All hurried down stairs. My father-in-law's wife caught me in her arms, and, ominous meeting! as she left the gate of her own house, she found herself in the midst of some hundred Indians, crying out, the forests were drunk with Divine wrath, and they had come to seek mercy, by prayer, along with the white men that make their habitation in dwellings of stone. The wild dismay of those frantic warriors, whom no human force could appal, increased the widow's trepidation, and she lost all composure, as they continued to exclaim, "No mercy, no mercy settled the woods, the hills, or vallies, nor calmed the leaping hearts of men." A chief passed his muscular arm round her waist, to prevent the flying multitude from overwhelming and trampling her

delicate frame. He soon found it necessary to raise her to his shoulder; but no change of posture, no excess of fear, made her inattentive to keep me fast in her embrace, though she felt and saw enough to drive to distraction the firmest mind. Sometimes the earth shook as a vessel heavily dragging her anchor, or subsided in tremulous swells:—sometimes in sudden jerks met the soles of the feet, or heaving in irregular undulations, like the waves of a troubled lake, threatened, at every step, to engulf the travellers; and qualms, like sea-sickness, dizzied her head, and sickened her stomach. Passing from street to street, the houses rocking—bells ringing—and furniture falling from its place, with a tremendous crash, menaced instant destruction to all living creatures; and in the country, a scene of devastation appeared so far as the eye could reach. Ice six feet thick, shivered in ten thousand fragments, shewed fathomless chasms, emitting sulphureous steams, mud, or sand; the pallisades of parks and gardens dancing up and down; animals running; and fowls, on wing, filling the air with hideous screams. Mountains, torn from their base, tumbled in upon less lofty hills; trees uprooted, and lying in heaps; or the ground they once beautified left bare and level, as though the plough had been employed—except here and there that the fibres, which had fixed them in the soil, might be seen near the surface of that abyss, where the others were inhumed.

“In town and country, women and children, seeking escape in all directions, wringing their hands, rent the clouds with cries of terror. The widow lost all recollection until recalled to consciousness by the agonies of childbirth. The chief adopted this daughter of a former marriage, and when the mother recovered, preferred her to the honour of being his wife. She continued to act the part of a parent and teacher to me, and taught her daughter many things unknown among the Oneidas. She still loved her own people; and scarce a day dawned that she did not enjoin me never to point an arrow, nor

raise a spear or tomahawk against the sons of Britain. She bore the chief many sons; but my uncommon stature and strength, my fame as a hunter, and some signal services I performed in early youth against the Indian enemies of the Oneidas, made me a favourite with them. The small-pox raged among us. I alone recovered in the chief's wigwam. His wife and her daughter, by her former husband, were three days' journey from us, negotiating for the purchase of furs. In this way my wife escaped the infection. The chief, in dying, recommended me to the nation as their leader, and that I should wed his adopted daughter. This had long been their wish, and since her budding beauties first taught me she was dearer than a sister, I panted to call her mine, who now, in old age, seems, in my eyes, fairer than all the daughters of men.

“This, O Montcalm! was my father's story. I was the eldest of many sons.—They are now, with my sons, in the bright and lofty regions, where the Great Spirit rules in visible glory; and, like me, they adhered to the command of our parents, never to meet Englishmen as enemies. You know, O Montcalm! how we were deceived in this war. We knew not, until encamped beneath the guns of your citadel, that you warred with Britons.—This day, accursed and black before all the host of heaven, we first drew our weapons for you, except against copper-coloured men; and against these we have, as your auxiliaries, often fought, bled, and conquered. Your priest made us believe the prisoners belonged to a realm far north of Britain; and until I heard them speak, I did not discover my soul-rending error. My wife is also of English blood; I took her from the deck of a ship on fire at sea. She was petrified with alarm when all were crowding into the boats to quit the vessel. I saw her after she recovered from the swoon, in which they neglected her. I saw her spreading her white hands to the sky, and with some bold fellows ventured in a canoe to her relief. It was a propitious hour. She made me the glad father of many valiant sons.

They died like brave men with weapons in their hands. We have now but Cambayai, and if she is spared we are happy, though the Oneidas should reject us forever."

The chief bowed, in sign of finishing his discourse: his wife, in pathetic accents, said, "Alas! in our prosperity we forgot the religion of our country, though we continued to cherish a love for the people. We spoke of the Great Spirit, and the true God and Saviour seldom entered our thoughts."

The officer appointed to command the party that should conduct the chief and his wife to Fort Edward, came to inform the General they were ready. They departed. Montcalm sought his pillow, but images of sanguinary outrage mingled in his dreams. He was soon awoke by the Oneidas clamouring for their late chief, and, in exclamatory sentences, recounting his praises. Montcalm must conciliate the infuriated formidable multitude of savages: he imparted to them the intelligence given by the Huron boy; and that, to satisfy their late leader and his consort, he had given them a safe convoy to Fort Edward, in quest of their daughter. The Indians, muttering discontents, took the route to Fort Edward. Their fickle, impetuous passions, had undergone a revulsion in favour of their accustomed legislator and commander. It was well for the French that their bayonets, gleaming in the morning sun, convinced the Oneidas their menaces would but retort ruin upon their own forces. The chief and his escort reached Fort Edward some hours before them. The first interview between Cambayai and her parents evinced the loveliest and most ardent feeling of the human breast. She told them how she had been deceived, assaulted, and rescued. The chief asked to see her deliverer, and rejoiced to find he owed that invaluable benefit to Gascoigne. The Oneidas, with a rapid march, came to the gates of Fort Edward. To obtain an alliance with their powerful nation was sound policy. The governor, attended

by his officers and a suitable guard, received them with every mark of friendship, and satisfied them their chief, his wife, and daughter, were safe. They must see them, and the soldier who saved the maiden from insult. They shouted with joy when Gascoigne came forward. He had been five years their prisoner: he was captured when a boy. He had ventured too far in hunting, and fell into their hands. He could speak their dialect, he knew their customs, and with singular address and courage escaped from them.

"Let him be the spouse of Cambayai," they cried, as with one voice.

What words can describe the anxiety of the fair Indian! Gascoigne had occupied her fondest recollections since childhood. In the few hours his military duties permitted them to spend together, they had advanced ages in love. He had told her an impassioned tale—but she feared he would not, for her sake, renounce his own people. She feared his officer could not be persuaded to grant his discharge. Her fond wishes were granted: Gascoigne exchanged subordination for supremacy.—When a prisoner, he owed much to the kindness of Cambayai; and the unassailable purity of her tenderness had often recurred to his mind with fervent esteem. His sentiments were exalted by a superior education from his father, the schoolmaster of the regiment. He incessantly laboured to mix with the heroic virtues of the Oneidas, a due proportion of milder qualities. He was their legislator, warlike leader, physician, and instructor, but by the vindictive Jesuit had been assassinated, by a poisoned arrow, in the zenith of his public-spirited achievements. The instigator of this execrable deed, and the perpetrator, a southern Indian, were taken, and sacrificed to the manes of the deceased. Cambayai would not accept another consort. She devoted herself to the children of her only love; and to this day, traces of refinement adorn the character of the Oneidas.

B. G.

## VARIETIES.

From the London Monthly Magazines, February 1819.

FUNERAL OF GEORGE II. DESCRIBED BY THE  
HON. HORACE WALPOLE.\*

**D**O you know I had the curiosity to go to the burying to other night. I had never seen a Royal funeral; nay, I walked as *a rag of quality*, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps; the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The procession through a line of foot guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, &c.—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey—the whole Abbey so illuminated that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaro oscuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with Priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct: yet one could not complain of its *not being Catholick enough*. When we came to the Chapel of HENRY VII. all solemnity and decorum ceased: no order was preserved, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of Woman*, was chaunted, not read; and the *Anthem*, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of CUMBERLAND, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown *adonis*, a cloak of black cloth, with a *train of five yards*. Attending the funeral of a parent could not be pleasant; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it for near two hours; *his face bloated and distorted*

with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected too one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation.

## NARCOTICS AND NOSTRUMS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

THE injudicious treatment of children, and the inattention and laziness of too many who are entrusted to attend them, are almost proverbial among the most enlightened of the faculty.

They well know that parents, who are mourning over the loss of their infants, might have had, with proper management, the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing them still in the domestic circle, in the possession of vigorous health. Not a worse proof of the utter ineligibility of a nurse can be given than her partiality for sleeping potions, such as Godfrey's cordial, &c.; none of which should ever be administered, especially to a child, without the best advice; but the nurse is idle, or busy, and the child must sleep: hence stupor, insensibility, indisposition to move, obstructed viscera, convulsions, and death.

I recollect lately to have read, in the news of the day, of an infant that slept his last sleep by an over-dose of this sleeping stuff, as it is called by the sisterhood.

Children are never, perhaps, in such great danger of swallowing their last dose, and taking their final doze, in consequence of this practice, as during the time of dentition, a process which is necessarily attended with febrile symptoms, restlessness, &c.; and the nurse, with a view of inducing temporary repose, gives opiates, which, if not immediately fatal, as in the instance before alluded to, are, nevertheless frequently productive of disorders of the most alarming nature, and invariably check those evacuations which nature has for

\* In Letters to G. Montagu, Esq. just published.

a salutary purpose instituted, and which, when moderate, ought to be encouraged.

Instead, therefore, of giving narcotics to children cutting their teeth, it is strenuously recommended to have the tumid gums divided with a lancet, on a line with the basis of the tooth; an operation at once safe and not attended with pain; and, if done in time, by removing the cause of the complaint, all the symptoms will disappear of themselves.

Instead of giving preparations of opium, it will be found, in the majority of cases, better to administer calomel in minute doses, which is well known to possess peculiar efficacy in promoting absorption in these parts. I know not that I can set the advantages of this method in a stronger light than by relating the following circumstance, which I state from indubitable authority.

A lady, whose husband's residence was at one of our settlements abroad, where the best medical assistance was not to be procured, had lost several children by dentition. At length, she determined to visit England with her only surviving child, and consult a surgeon of eminence on the subject. By the method before recommended, her child's life was preserved; and, after being taught by the surgeon how to divide the gum, if needed, in future, the happy parent returned home. Some years had elapsed when the lady wrote to her friend, that she attributed the existence of all her three children to this apparently trifling, but really important operation.

CHARLES SEVERN.

#### PRIZE ESSAY.

As a proof that no expense is spared in our endeavours to perpetuate the respectability and importance of our pages, [NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,] by presenting to the public communications of the very first order, we beg to announce our intention of giving this year a Premium of **ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS**, which will be paid by Mr. Colburn, for the best Essay, "On English Literature during the 18th and 19th Centuries." We pro-

pose that the Work shall be written on a plan somewhat similar to that of the "Tableau de la Litterature Française pendant le Dix-Huitième Siècle;" and that the Candidates should deliver their Essays on or before the 31st of November next. The PRIZE to be adjudged by a Council, the constitution of which, with other particulars, will be made known in our next Number. In the mean time, we pledge ourselves it shall be so formed as to insure the strictest and most satisfactory impartiality.

#### CARNIVOROUS HORSE.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Burntisland has completely succeeded in taming a seal: its singularities daily continue to attract the curiosity of strangers. It appears to possess all the sagacity of the dog, lives in its master's house, and eats from his hand: he usually takes it away with him in his fishing excursions, upon which occasion it affords no small entertainment. When thrown into the water, it will follow for miles the track of the boat; and, although thrust back by the oars, it never relinquishes its purpose. Indeed it struggles so hard to regain its seat, that one would imagine its fondness for its master had entirely overcome the natural predilection for its native element.—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal.*

The above paragraph corroborates the account of a Newfoundland dog having suckled two young seals, which fact (from a gentleman of the strictest veracity, the owner of the dog.) was sent to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine by the writer. When mentioned to some persons, who seem to consider animals as mere machines, incapable of imbibing new habits, an incredulous expression of countenance has mortified the relater; and another instance was so questioned, that it was quite suppressed, till corroborated by a similar case, so notorious as to enforce belief.

Five-and-thirty years ago the writer

frequently saw a young horse, which preferred roasted or boiled meat to grass and corn. His dam was killed by an unfortunate accident, when the foal was five weeks old : he was fed by the dairy-maid with cow's milk, and soon familiarly followed her to the kitchen. He began to gnaw bones in mere playfulness, but his carnivorous taste was not suspected, till the remains of a piece of roast-beef, set to cool in the pantry-window, was carried away. Nobody imputed the theft to the colt ; and the housekeeper, determined to convict the pilferer, watched while another bit of meat was left in the same spot from whence the beef was taken. She soon saw the colt stretch his fore feet up, till they rested on the outside of the window, take out the fragment, and gallop to a wood at some distance. She afterwards offered him slices of beef, mutton, veal, or lamb, which he accepted like a dog : he did not like pork, but all kinds of fowl or game were highly agreeable to him.

To confirm this statement by parallel evidence, permit me to remind your readers, that in different parts of India the horses in an encampment are served with boiled sheep's heads, as a mess more nutritive than grain, when they have any extraordinary fatigue to undergo. May not the whole account admit of practical application ? When grain and fodder are scarce, the worst cattle might be killed, and boiled into strong soup, cutting the flesh small, among straw, hay, or other vegetable provender. During scarcity the cattle of Iceland go to the shores, and feed on fish.

B. G.

#### TOBACCO.

The Marrow of Compliment (London 1654,) contains the following song in Praise of Tobacco :—

Much meat doth gluttony procure,  
To feed men fat as swine ;  
But he's a frugal man indeed  
That with a leaf can dine.

He needs no napkin for his hands,  
His fingers' ends to wipe,  
That hath his kitchen in a box,  
His roast-meat in a pipe.

#### SPARTAN OATH.

The following is a curious specimen of the laconic manner in which state business was despatched among the Spartans (translated from the Latin):—  
“ We that are as good as you do constitute you our king, and if you defend our liberties we will defend you ; if not, not.”

#### IDIOCY.

Our laws give many singular prerogatives to the king, and, among others, that of pocketing the income of an idiot's estate, after providing the little that is necessary for his maintenance. What is the consequence ? That jurors are directed to miscall the man a lunatic, who is really an idiot ; and thus the Court of Chancery is tricked into confining persons, who might safely range at large. A great reform is wanted in the technical phrases which define the various degrees of insanity ; and jurors should always state whether they deem coercion of the person, or mere sequestration of the estate, to be a sufficient remedy.

#### NEW FIRE-PLACES.

Dr. Arnott, directing his attention to the advantage of an equal temperature in rooms occupied by persons suffering under pulmonary complaints, has invented a new apparatus for attaining that object. It consists simply of a glazed metal frame or window, fitted to the chimney-piece, and placed before the fire, so as perfectly to cut off the communication between the room and the fire-place. The fire is fed with air by a tube from without, and ventilation is effected by openings near the ceiling, either into the chimney or staircase. The inventor asserts that the benefits of this plan are, a nearly uniform temperature throughout the room, the total prevention of currents or drafts of air, the saving of fuel, the general raising of temperature in the house, and the exclusion of smoke or dust. For such blessings he thinks we might bear the eyesore of looking at our fires through a window, and opening a pane occasionally to admit the poker : not having seen the apparatus, we can only notice its pretensions without being able to say whether it will or will not maintain them.

## THE DOG OF GALLOWAY.

The following remarkable instance of animal sagacity, occurred a short time ago: While one of the Dalbeattie carriers was on his way to Dumfries, he had occasion to stop at some houses by the road side, in the way of his business, leaving his cart and horse upon the public road, under the protection of a passenger and a trusty dog. Upon his return, he missed a led horse, belonging to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, which he had tied to the end of the cart, and likewise one of the female passengers. On inquiry he was informed, that during his absence the female, who had been anxious to try the mettle of the pony, had mounted it, and that the animal had set off at full speed. The carrier expressed much anxiety for the safety of the young woman, at the same time he cast an expressive look at his dog. Oscar observed his master's eye, and aware of its meaning, instantly set off in pursuit of the pony, which he came up with soon after he had passed the first toll-bar on the Dalbeattie road, when he made a sudden spring, seized the bridle, and held the animal fast. Several people having observed the circumstance, and the perilous situation of the girl, came to relieve her; Oscar, however, notwithstanding their repeated endeavours, would not quit his hold, and the pony was actually led into the stable with the dog, till such time as the carrier should arrive. Upon the carrier entering the stable, Oscar wagged his tail in token of satisfaction, and immediately relinquished the bridle to his master.

## EXTRAORDINARY FUNGUS.

A phenomenon which tends much to elucidate the origin and nature of vegetable funguses, particularly of that species termed mushroom, lately occurred to the observation of Sir Joseph Banks. Having a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use, he directed that it should be placed in a cellar, that the saccharine matter it contained might be more perfectly decomposed by age. At the end of three years, he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine, when, on attempting to open the cellar door, he could not effect it, in consequence of some powerful obstacle. The door was consequently cut down, when the cellar was found to be completely filled with a firm fungus vegetable production, so firm, that it was necessary to use an axe for its removal! This appeared to have grown from, or have been nourished by, the decomposed particles of the wine, the cask being empty, and carried up to the ceiling, where it was supported by the surface of the fungus.

## CABBAGE VERSUS WINE.

A French Journal observes, that the cabbage is a sovereign remedy for curing intoxication from wine, and that it has even the power of preventing it; for we are informed, that by eating a certain quantity of cabbage before dinner, we may drink as much wine as we please, without experiencing any inconvenience. This property of the cabbage is mentioned by Aristotle and Theophrastus, who are of opinion that it proceeds from the antipathy which the vine shews for the cabbage. If a cabbage be planted near a vine, the latter retires to as great a distance as possible, or perhaps dies. Hence it is concluded, that the vine, owing

to this aversion, allows itself to be overcome by the cabbage. Be this as it may, the phenomenon is indisputable, and the recipe, which was declared to be effectual by the ancient Egyptians, is now universally adopted in Germany.

## NEW DYE.

A chymist of Copenhagen has discovered a means of producing a lively yellow colour for dyeing cloth. He gathers the tops of the potatoes when ready to flower, presses the juice, mixes it with more or less water, and suffers the cloth to remain in it during twenty-four hours. He then dips it in spring water. The cloth may be either of wool, silk, cotton, or flax. By plunging the cloth thus tinged with yellow, into a vessel of blue, a brilliant and lasting green is obtained.

## SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

The Nuremburgh Correspondent, of the 29th ult. gives the following as authentic:—"A hat-maker of Cassel, named Maulich, has discovered a method of manufacturing felt, so as to make it impenetrable to the stroke of the sabre in the hands of the strongest cuirassier, and even to a musket ball. The fact has been proved by numerous experiments. He offered to discover the secret to our government for a suitable recompence; but no attention was paid to it. A report of this invention, however, reached St. Petersburg, and Mr. Maulich was invited to present himself to the Emperor of Russia, at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Russian generals being satisfied of the truth of his assertions, he has been invited to establish in Russia a manufactory of this felt, upon the most liberal terms."

## GROWTH OF VEGETABLES.

M. du Petit Thouars some time since exhibited to the Royal Academy of France an onion which weighed 3 lbs. 7 oz. and was 19 inches in circumference. Dr. Desagauliers, in calculating the ratio of the growth of a turnip and its seed, found that the root was 438 thousand times as heavy as the seed; consequently that during its growth it had gained in every minute seven times the weight of the seed. Applying the same calculation to the weight of the onion, M. du Petit Thouars found that in every minute it had gained only thrice the weight of its seed.

## NEW INVENTIONS.

Several accounts of useful inventions have appeared in the French publications relative to the Arts and Sciences; among others the following:—a method of separating the hair from the rabbit down, and thus rendering the latter equal to the finest beaver for the manufacture of hats, the down being more susceptible of the dye when unmixed with the hair, which has hitherto given a coarse appearance to even the best hats in which rabbit down has been mixed with the beaver; and a plan of silvering looking-glasses, which effectually secures the silver from damp or mildew. This plan has been fairly tried, and a looking-glass placed in water for eight days, sustained no kind of damage.

## TYPHUS FEVER CURED BY MUSTARD.

Dr. John Bingham, of Leixlip, has published in the Irish papers, the following, as a successful mode of treating the malignant fever now so prevalent in that country. He observes, that his own experience of its effi-

cacy enables him to promulgate it with confidence. The remedy, in fact, consists in the exhibition of mustard. "From the favourable effect," says Dr. B. "I have invariably found it to produce on the patient, I place a great reliance on it, especially when administered in the early stage of the complaint; by giving the patient, if an adult, a tea-spoonful, or two drachms, of common mustard, mixed in a tumbler of tepid water, which in less than half an hour will produce a gentle, free, and salutary vomiting, merely disburthening the stomach of its contents; and during its operation I give the patient about a quart of tepid water, as used in the ordinary vomits. Immediately on the mustard being taken into the stomach, it produces a glow of warmth which pervades the entire system, together with a singular sensation scarcely to be described, unless by the patients who have used it, that soon changes the skin from that hot dry, and not comfortable feeling, always to be met with in incipient fever, into a soft, moist, and cold state, which is succeeded by a gentle perspiration, and the re-establishment of the functions of the digestive organs. In about eight hours after the stomach has been emptied in the above manner, I give the patient (if full grown) four grains of calomel; and in the course of two hours after the administering of the calomel, I give a gentle saline purgative. With this prompt treatment, I have, in the majority of cases where the patients made application to me, during the first two or three days of their complaining, rescued them from a complaint setting in with all its malignant features; and in the few instances in which I have not suppressed the epidemic in this way, I have found, that having recourse to mustard, with other auxiliaries, in the future stages of the complaint, enables me almost invariably to announce the certain recovery of the patient."

#### PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

As matter of record and literary curiosity, we subjoin a list of the numbers purchased on the last day of every month, by the first bookselling establishment in Paternoster-row, and perhaps in the world, for distribution among their retail correspondents. It serves to shew the proportion of general sale; and it must surprise foreigners to learn, that this is the consumption of only one (tho' the chief) of the many wholesale establishments who send monthly parcels to every part of the world:---

- 650 Monthly Magazine.
- 550 Gentleman's Magazine.
- 450 Monthly Review.
- 350 Sporting Magazine.
- 300 British Critic.
- 300 European Magazine.
- 300 Ladies' Magazine.
- 275 New Monthly Magazine.
- 225 London Medical Journal.
- 200 Eclectic Review.
- 175 Thomson's Annals.
- 175 Medical Repository.
- 150 Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.
- 125 Philosophical Magazine.
- 125 Repertory.
- 125 Ackerman's Repository.
- 75 Literary Panorama.

4550

These numbers, as the regular monthly consumption of one wholesale house, will appear the more extraordinary when we state, that, on the decease of the late M. Millin at Paris, we discovered that the total monthly sale of the *Annales Encyclopediques*, the best journal in France, did not exceed 350 copies; and that that of the new *Journal de Savans*, set up by the Bourbon party, did not exceed 200 copies,---a fourth of each being sold in Great Britain.

#### NEW WORKS.

A new Poem, from the pen of Lord Byron, it is said, has been sent to England.

Another series of Tales of My Landlord, will also, it is said, shortly appear.

The REV. GEORGE CRABBE has nearly ready for publication a new work, entitled Tales of the Hall. An erroneous report has gone forth respecting the purchase money; the fact is, Mr. Crabbe has disposed of the entire copyright of all his works, including this new poem, for the sum of 3,000*l*.

Mr. Montgomery is preparing a new volume for the press, under the title of Greenland and other Poems.

In the Press and may shortly be expected:

The Young Arthur, or the Child of Mystery, a Metrical romance. By C. DIBDEN.

A Voyage up to the Persian Gulph, and a Journey over land from India to England, in 1817; containing an account of Arabia Felix, Arabia Deserts, Persia, Mesopotamia, Babylon, Bagdad, Koordestan, Armenia, Asia Minor, &c. &c. illustrated by Plates. By WILLIAM HENDE, Esq. of the Madras Military Establishment.

Decision, a Tale, by the Author of Correction, in 3 vols.

Specimens of Irish Eloquence, now first arranged and collected, with Biographical Notices and a Preface, by C. PHILLIPS, esq.

HUMBOLDT's Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions. vol. 4.

The new volume of Sermons, by Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow, is expected to appear in the course of February.

Mr. John Power, surgeon and accoucheur, has in the press, a Treatise on Midwifery, developing a new principle, by which, it is said, labour is shortened, and the sufferings of the patient alleviated.

A novel will appear in a few days, entitled, Mondouro; by a lady of high rank.

The Authoress, a tale, by the author of "Rachel," will be published this month.

A novel is announced, called, the Intriguing Beauty, and the Beauty without Intrigue.

The Black Robber, a romance, 3 vols.---Emily, or the Wife's First Error, by Elizabeth Bennet, 4 vols.---The Express, a novel, by Frances D'Aubigne, 3 vols.

Civilization; or, the Indian Chief and British Pastor. 3 vols.

Edward Wortley, and the Exile of Scotland. 3 vols. 12mo.

Coquetry, a novel, 3 vols. 12mo.

The Life and Adventures of Antar, a celebrated Bedoween chief, warrior, and poet, who flourished a few years prior to the Mahomedan era: now first translated from the original Arabic, by Terrick Hamilton, esq.

The Charms of Dandyism, or Living in Style; by Olivia Moreland, chief of the Female Dandies: edited by Capt. Ashe. 3 vols.

## POETRY.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

## A CHURCH-YARD DREAM.

1.

**M**ETHOUGHT that in a Burial-ground  
One still, sad vernal day,  
Upon a little daisied mound  
I in a slumber lay;  
While faintly through my dream I heard  
The hymning of that holy Bird,  
Who with more gushing sweetness sings  
The higher up in Heaven float his unwearied wings!

2.

In that my mournful reverie,  
Such song of heavenly birth  
The voice seemed of a Soul set free  
From this imprisoning Earth;  
Higher and higher still it soared,  
A thrilling rapture that adored,  
Till vanished song and singer blest  
In the blue depths of everlasting rest.

3.

Just then, a Child, in sportive glee,  
Came gliding o'er the graves,  
Like a lone bird that on the sea  
Floats dallying with the waves;  
Upon the lovely flowers awhile  
She poured the beauty of her smile,  
Then laid her bright cheek on the sod,  
And, overpowered with joy, slept in the eye of God.

4.

The flowers that shine all round her head  
May well be breathing sweet,  
For flowers are they that Spring hath shed  
To deck her winding-sheet;  
And well the tenderest gleams may fall  
Of sunshine on that hillock small  
On which she sleeps, for they have smiled  
O'er the predestined grave of that unconscious Child.

5.

In bridal garments, white as snow,  
A solitary Maid  
Doth meekly bring a sunny glow  
Into that solemn shade.  
A Church-yard seems a joyful place  
In the visit of so sweet a face,—  
A soul is in that deep blue eye  
Too good to live on earth—too beautiful to die.

6.

But Death behind a marble Tomb  
Looks out upon his prey,  
And smiles to know that heavenly bloom  
Is yet of earthly clay,  
Far off I hear a wailing wide,  
And, while I gaze upon that Bride,  
A silent Wraith before me stands,  
And points unto a grave with cold, pale, clasped hands.

7.

A Matron beautiful and bright,  
As is the silver Moon,  
Whose lustre tames the sparkling light  
Of the starry eyes of June,

Is shining o'er the Church-yard lone,—  
While circling her as in a zone,  
Delighted dance five Cherubs fair,  
And round their native urn shake wide their golden hair.

8.

O Children they are holy things,  
In sight of Earth and Heaven!  
An Angel shields with guardian wings,  
The home where they are given.  
Strong power there is in children's tears,  
And stronger in their lisped prayers—  
But the vulture stoops down from above,  
And, mid her orphan brood, bears off the Parent Dove.

9.

The young—the youthful—the mature,  
Have smiled and all past by,  
As if nought lovely could endure  
Beneath the envious sky;  
While bowed with age and age's woes,  
Still near—yet still far off the close  
Of weary life, yon aged Crone  
Can scarce with blind eyes find her Husband's funeral stone.

10.

All dead the joyous, bright, and free,  
To whom this life was dear!—  
The green leaves shivered from the tree  
And dangling left the sere!  
O dim wild world!—but from the sky  
Down came the glad Lark waveringly,  
And, startled by his liquid mirth,  
I rose to walk in Faith the darkling paths of Earth.

## THE ELEMENTS.

From Burger.

**I** TEACH a lofty lore—attend!  
Four Elements in marriage blend,  
In marriage blend, like man and wife,  
One body, fraught with love and life.  
Thus spake the God of Love—Let Air,  
Earth, Fire, and Water be—They were.

To Fire's bright fount, the Sun, 'tis given  
To burn amid the deep blue heaven.  
He scatters warmth, bids daylight shine—  
He ripens grain, and fruit, and wine;  
For all life's juices makes a way,  
And gives its pulse a quicker play.

He wraps the Moon in quiet splendour,  
And bids the circling stars attend her.  
What holds a light to those who stray?  
What leads the ship her ocean way  
For thousand thousand miles afar?  
Sun, Moon, and many a lovely star.

The Air enfolds this earthly ball,  
Wafts here and there, wafts over all.  
From God's own mouth, that breath of life  
Through all creation circles rife,  
No darksome cave its search deceives,  
And e'en the worm's close lungs it heaves.

Through wood and field the *Water* flows;  
Its thousand arms the world enclose,  
Like God's pervading breath, it presses  
Through earth's embowelled deep recesses;  
In quick decay would nature sink,  
Without that life-spring whence to drink.

Earth's Maker, when he hailed her bride,  
To her a triple spouse affied,  
Water and air embraced her first;  
Her kindly warmth the sunbeams nursed;  
And thus her lap each hour supplies  
A brood of varied forms and dyes,

To her full breast that brood she presses  
With mother's joy, with soft caresses;  
She is the kindest mother, she,  
Early and late she suckles free;  
No infant which her lap hath borne  
Goes from that nursing lap forlorn.

Look here and there—beneath—above—  
The Elements unite in love.  
The glow of heaven glads their union,  
And each with each holds sweet communion;  
Sprung from an impulse such as this,  
Thou, Man, art born through love for bliss.

Now prove thyself, now tell me truly,  
Does Love, life's spring, inflame thee duly?  
Say, does thy sunlike mind look down,  
Flaming country, home, and town?  
Does Love inflame thy heart with light,  
As heaven's high tapers gild the night?

Thy tuneful tongue—does it too bear  
In Nature's harmonies a share?  
Thine accents and thy song—are these  
Love's echo from a heart at ease?  
Do peace, joy, blessing, round thee play,  
Like shower of spring, and breeze of May?

And hold'st thou sacred from a breach  
The band that knits us each to each?  
Succour'st a fellow-creature's need  
With thine own drink, with thine own bread?  
And bidd'st his naked limbs recline  
In linen and in cloth of thine?

Thou! heedless of thy brother-men!  
Thou, bastard, thou! what art thou then?  
E'en wert thou beauteous, rich, and bold,  
Wise as that wisest king of old,  
E'en hadst thou, with an angel's tongue,  
Warmly declaimed and sweetly sung—

Thou, bastard! loveless among men,  
Without sweet Love what art thou then?  
Thy heart is but a lifeless mass;  
Thou art an empty sounding brass;  
The hollow jingling of a bell;  
And of a wave the turbid swell.

#### A SPEECH,

TO THE TUNE OF THE EMERALD ISLE,

*Delivered at the Dublin Dilettanti Society, Jan. 1819.*

##### I.

**T**HERE came with his speech, "the young glory  
of Erin."

His robe, thin with years, was fast fading away;  
Oh once it was black, as it mocked at repairing,  
Though now, like the rein-deer's, it shifted to gray;  
He stood on the shore, like a bird of the ocean,

With an emigrant's hope, and an exile's devotion,  
And thrice, with the air of a patriot in motion,  
He spoke—to the tune of the Emerald Isle!

##### II.

Scene of my birth—lovely city of Sligo,  
Young cradle where genius hath rocked me to fame,  
Your glories are gone—you are going—and I go,  
As naked and wild from your shores as I came!  
Never again, in convivial hours,  
Shall my bold tongue embody the orator's powers,  
While in goblets are emblem'd the sweets and the  
sours,  
That visit the vales of the Emerald Isle.

##### III.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?  
And the patriot harp, that enlivened the scene?  
And where is John Finlay, the friend of my childhood?  
And the Catholic Board so deserted and green?  
Green, green is the Catholic coach of O'Connell!  
And green the thin robe of Æneas M'Donnel!  
And green is our Hay, they are all, every one ill,  
For gone is the pride of the Emerald Isle!

##### IV.

Land of my sires! shall I dine in Dun-Edin?  
Shall I sing to the scorners, who scoffed at thy son?  
—No!—Blackwood and Jeffrey alone let them feed on  
Their haggis, oat cakes, or what'er they've agreed on,  
And of the young glory of Erin make fun!  
Ah! once there were moments, and I spoke in Kerry  
then—  
And Hone bought my speeches—my young heart  
was merry then—  
And my monody blithely I measured for Sheridan,  
And poured "the Lament of the Emerald Isle!"

##### V.

Sad, sad is my heart—I am sore discontented,  
While Cobbet and Cox in a transport can flee!  
While Birkbeck by Jeffrey is praised and is printed,  
And builds his high home in the boughs of a tree!  
But bright days shall come, and dispel this dull  
tedium;  
Lady Morgan and I shall employ our own idiom,  
And Sir Charles, who knows, through her ladyship's  
medium,  
The feeling and taste of the Emerald Isle!—

##### VI.

Free spirits, we fly to the fair land of freedom,  
We'll make our harps heard o'er the roll of the  
waves,  
Cast our robes to the winds—we no longer shall need  
'em—  
And smile at the custom and costume of slaves!  
And Owen shall give us a new constitution,  
And Bentham a dozen! and then we can chuse one  
And if, on the way, we by accident lose one,  
We're sure of another, my Emerald Isle!

##### VII.

And Cartwright shall join us, that patriot hoary,  
With his brother reformers, Hunt, Hazlitt, and  
Hone,  
And Hobhouse, the attic of Rue St. Honore,  
The friend of Lord Byron, (a friend of my own.)  
Yet should fame pass away with all chance of pro-  
motion,  
Still, still shall my heart, like a wave of the ocean,  
Sigh sad to the moon in pathetic devotion,  
And break on the shore of my Emerald Isle.